

BLUE BOLT  
Sub-Zero MAN

★ Super-HORSE  
★ Phantom SUB

Sergeant SPOOK  
The TWISTER

August 

Featuring:

# BLUE BOLT

10¢

DICK COLE  
vs  
SIMBA  
ROUND 3!

BLUE  
BOLT



Vol. 2 No. 3





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY!

**VACATION TIME!** SUMMER IS HERE, AND DICK AND HIS ROOMMATE PAL EDDIE, HAVE A GREAT ADVENTURE PLANNED! PROF. BLAIR, DICK'S GUARDIAN, HAS FOUND AN OLD MAP TELLING OF AN OLD TREASURE, LOST ON A SUNKEN RIVER STEAMER IN THE MISSISSIPPI. THE BOYS ARE GOING TO BUILD A RAFT AND FLOAT DOWN THE RIVER IN SEARCH OF IT... IT'S THE LAST DAY AT FARR, AND ALL ARE GAY AS THEY LEAVE FOR HOME...

By  
Bob Davis



YIPPEE-!

GANGWAY!

ME FOR THE MOUNTAINS -  
AND COON SHOOTING!

YEE-OW-!  
NO MORE TRIG!

I'M GONNA SWIM  
ALL SUMMER LONG!

I'D LIKE TO GO  
WITH DICK AND EDDIE!  
LUCKY DEVILS!

HEY, YOU PUNKS! HOW  
'BOUT TAKING US ON  
THAT RAFT?

YEAH!

I'LL BE THE  
COOK!

I'LL HELP  
YOU CARRY  
THE GOLD  
HOME!

NOTHING DOING -  
YOU MUGS! DICK AND  
I ARE MAKING TRACKS  
FOR THE MISSISSIPPI -  
ALONE! THEN WE  
BUILD THE RAFT, AND  
WE'RE OFF!

BUT AT THIS MOMENT, TWO EVIL CRONIES  
ARE PLOTTING TO HORN IN ON THIS ADVENTURE -  
JACK RAYTON, AND THE SECOND WONDER-BOY,  
SIMBA KARNO!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, PAL - I'VE GOT A  
CABIN CRUISER - WANT TO TAG ALONG  
BEHIND THOSE GUYS AND SEE IF THEY  
FIND ANY  
GOLD?

SKINNY,  
YOU GOT  
SOMETHING  
THERE!



**A FEW DAYS LATER, ARMED WITH MONEY, EQUIPMENT, AND A LETTER FROM PROF. BLAIR TO AN OLD RIVER MAN, THE BOYS ARRIVE AT THE BANKS OF THE GREAT MISSISSIPPI. THE OLD FELLOW, CAP DAY, IS GOING TO HELP THEM BUILD THEIR RAFT.**

WELL, THERE SHE BE, BOYS! THE MISSISSIPPI! YOUR PA USED TO LIVE AROUND THESE PARTS; DICK.

GEE-IT'S GREAT! LET'S GET TO WORK ON THAT RAFT!  
BOY-LET'S!

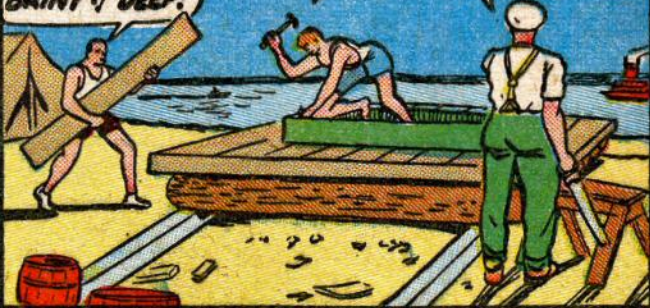


THEY PITCH IN! AND FOR A WEEK, THE AIR RINGS WITH ACTIVITY AND SONG. THE RAFT BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE....

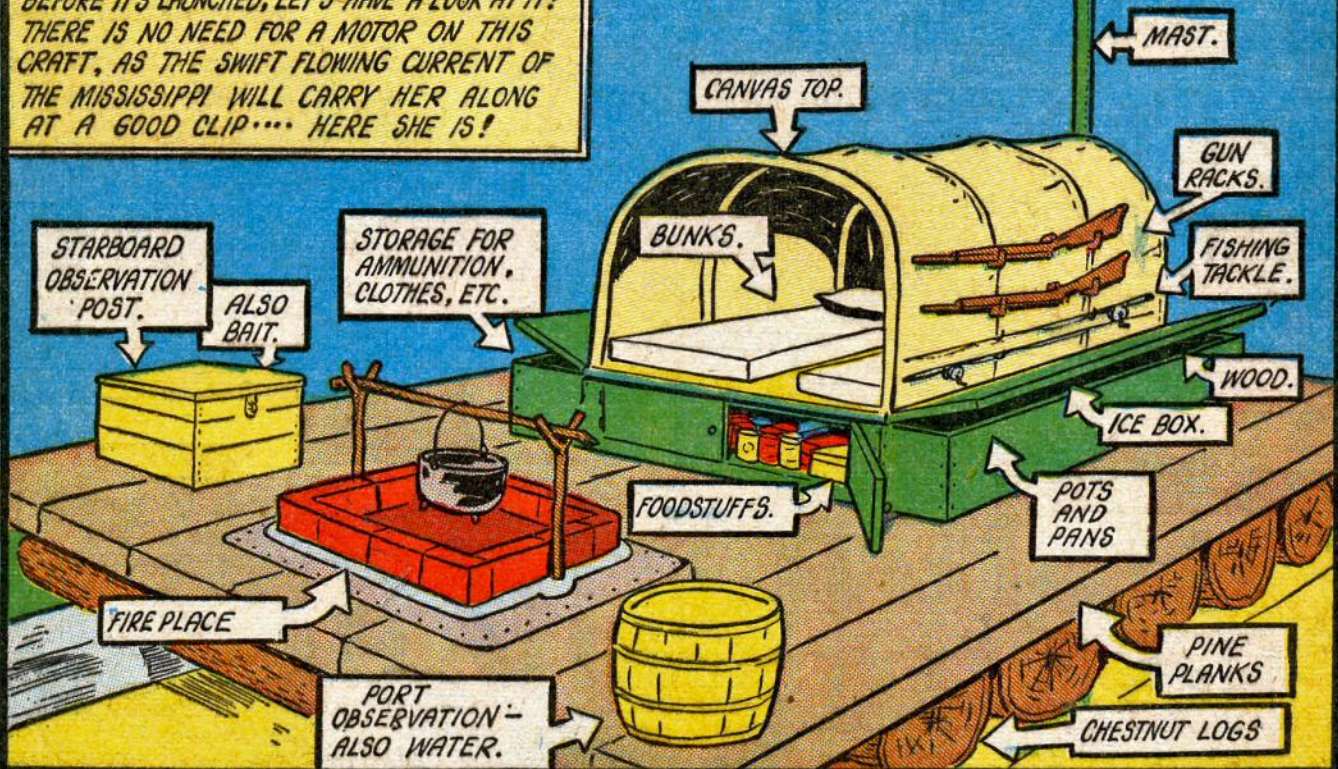
SAILING--  
SAILING--  
OVER THE  
BRINY & DEEP!

C'MON, CARUSO--  
SHAKE A LEG WITH  
THAT PLANK!

AND YOU  
WATCH THEM  
NAIL HEADS,  
DICK! SINK  
'EM FLUSH!



**ONE BRIGHT MORNING, THE RAFT IS DONE! BEFORE IT'S LAUNCHED, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT! THERE IS NO NEED FOR A MOTOR ON THIS CRAFT, AS THE SWIFT FLOWING CURRENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI WILL CARRY HER ALONG AT A GOOD CLIP.... HERE SHE IS!**

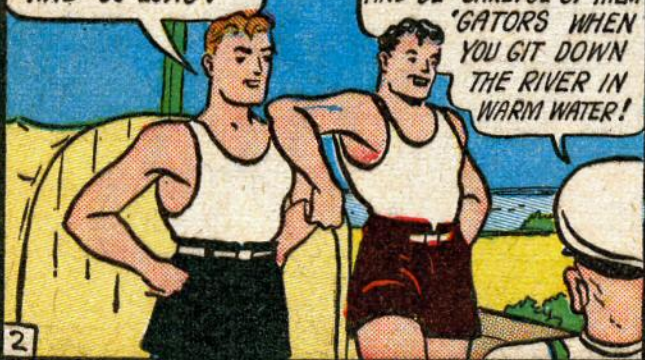


NOW, FOR THE LAUNCHING!

WELL-I GUESS WE'RE ALL SET, CAP! YOU'VE BEEN GREAT! MANY THANKS- AND SO LONG!

I SECOND THAT! WILL YOU CUT THE ROPE, CAP?

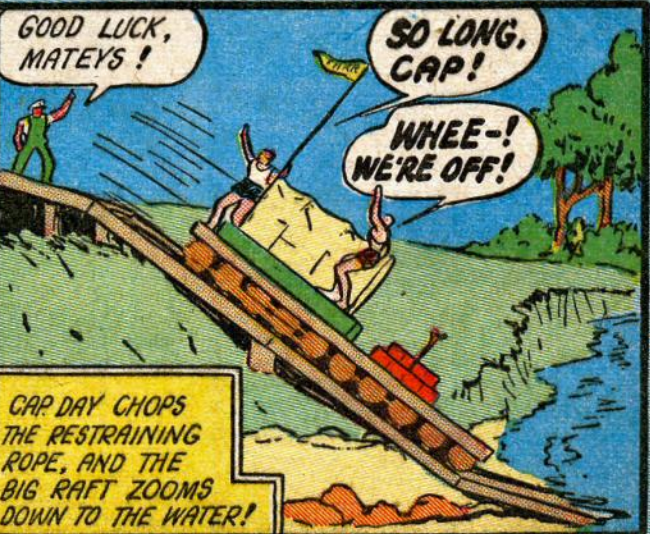
I WILL, LADS! GOODBYE, AND BE CAREFUL OF THEM 'GATORS WHEN YOU GIT DOWN THE RIVER IN WARM WATER!



GOOD LUCK, MATEYS!

SO LONG, CAP!

WHEE--!  
WE'RE OFF!



CAP DAY CHOPS THE RESTRAINING ROPE, AND THE BIG RAFT ZOOMS DOWN TO THE WATER!



AND SO THE GREAT JOURNEY BEGINS! DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.... A RIVER LINKED WITH MANY FAMOUS NAMES - DE SOTO - LA SALLE - JOLIET - MARQUETTE - MARK TWAIN.... A RIVER SOME 4000 MILES LONG!

WE'RE ON OUR WAY, PAL! NOW TO LOCATE THE SUNKEN "NATCHEZ BELLE!"

SAILING-SAILING!

RIGHTO, KID! HOPE YOU'VE STILL GOT THAT MAP!

HEY, MISTER-SMELL THIS BACON!



SUDDENLY, THE BOYS' SERENITY IS SHATTERED....

HEY-DICK! LOOK AT THIS BOAT! IT'S HEADING RIGHT FOR US!

AHOY-THERE!



RAYTON AND SIMBA!!! RECKLESSLY, THE CABIN CRUISER RUSHES UP-

NYAA-AA-A-! THINK YOU OWN THIS RIVER?

HEY! WHERE'D YOU MUGS COME FROM-? GET AWAY!

GANGWAY!



IT TURNS SHARPLY, SOAKING THE RAFT....

HAVE A DRINK-KIDDIES-!

OW-YOU-!

SPLASH!



WELL, THOSE DARN PUNKS! WHAT ARE THEY DOING OUT HERE?

CHISELING IN-OR I MISS MY GUESS! WE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN-

THE CRUISER CIRCLES ONCE, TURNS BACK AGAIN....

HEY! THEY'RE COMING BACK!

LOOK OUT! I'M GOING TO CAN THIS STUFF-

TOOT! TOOT!

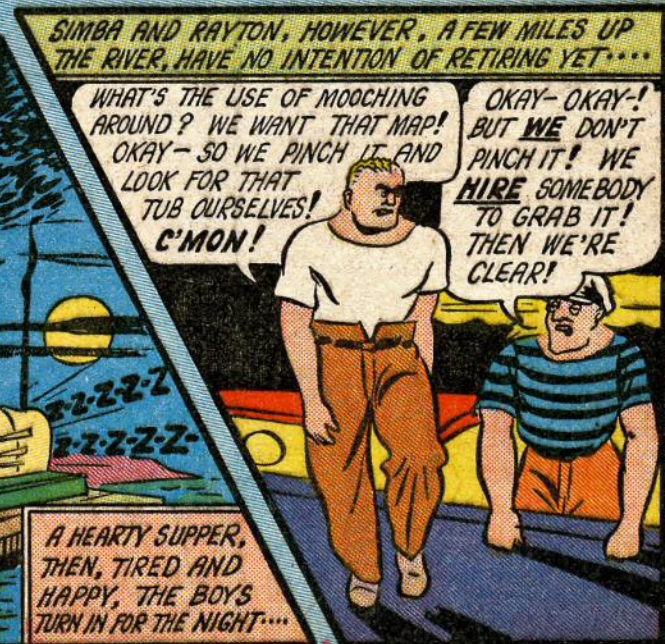
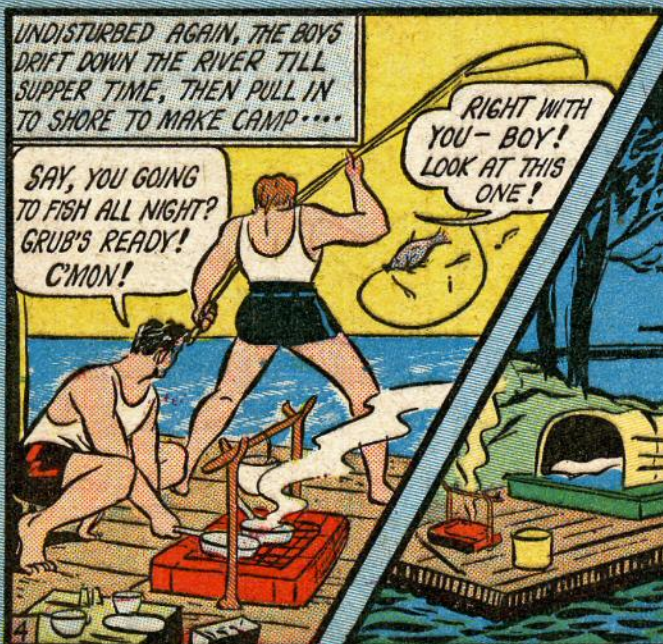
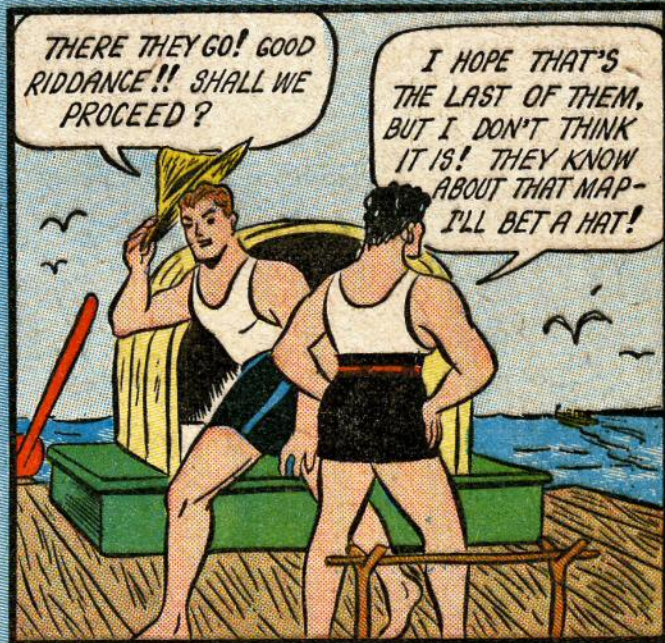
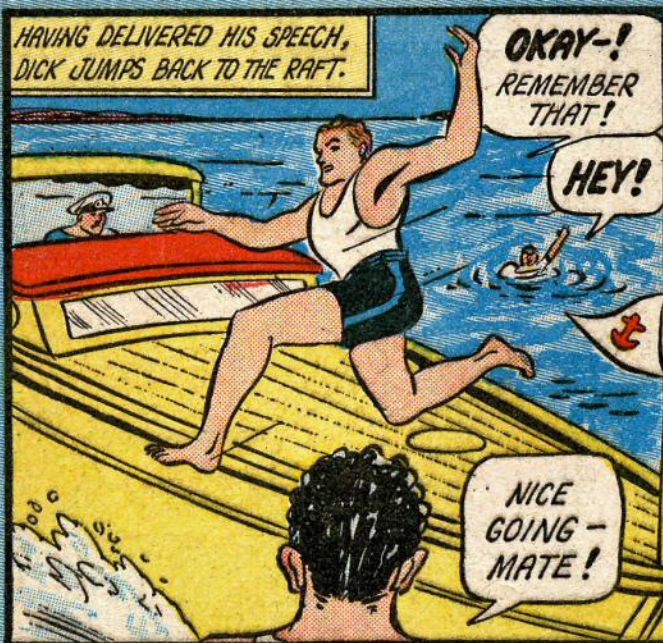
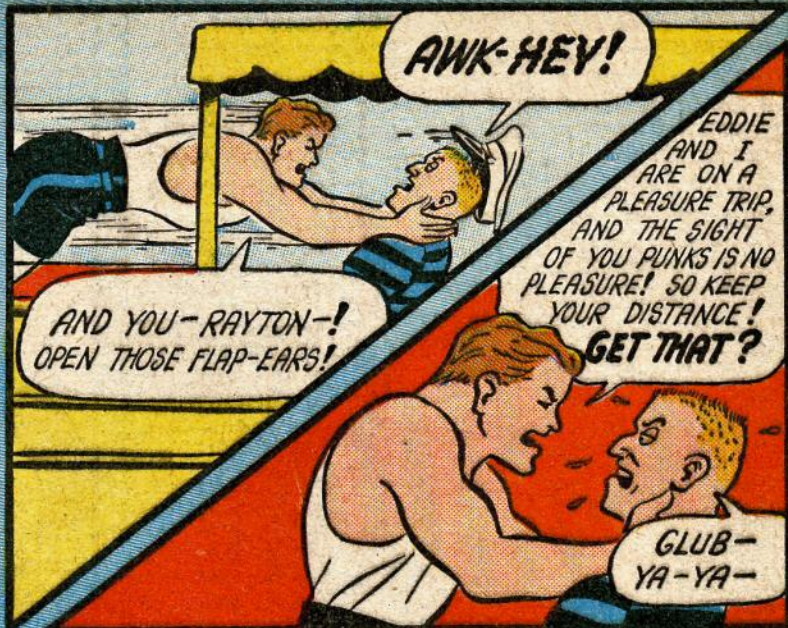


AS THE CRUISER RUSHES IN, DICK LEAPS ABOARD-

HEY-WHERE YOU GOING-HERO-BOY?









AN HOUR LATER-IN A SMALL NEARBY TOWN-

-AND ALL YOU DO IS SEARCH THEIR CLOTHES AND STUFF FOR THIS MAP! GET IT? HERE'S THE DOUGH!

YASSAH-SHO, BOSS!

C'MON, THEN!



SHORTLY AFTER THAT THEY ARRIVE AT THE RAFT'S MOORING PLACE ....

THERE IT IS!

NOW, DO YOUR STUFF!

YASSAH-



WITH CAT-LIKE STEALTHINESS, THE HUGE MARAUDER CREEPS ABOARD ....



BUT THE EXTRA MOTION OF THE RAFT AWAKENS DICK ....

HEY!



AS HE SCRAMBLES OUT OF THE SHELTER-



RECOVERING QUICKLY, DICK LUNGES -

YOU THIEVING -

UG:!



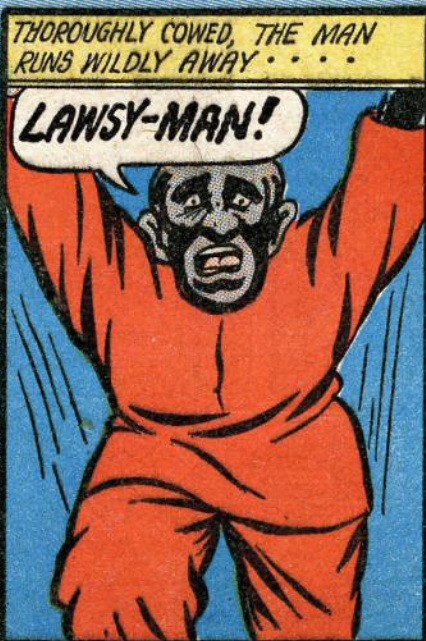
PUNKO!

SOCK!



THOROUGHLY COWED, THE MAN RUNS WILDLY AWAY ....

LAWSY-MAN!



THE EXCITEMENT AWAKENS EDDIE ....

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

A FRIEND OF OUR PALS - RAYTON AND SIMBA - JUST CALLED AROUND TO LOOK FOR OUR MAP!

LET'S TURN IN AGAIN-

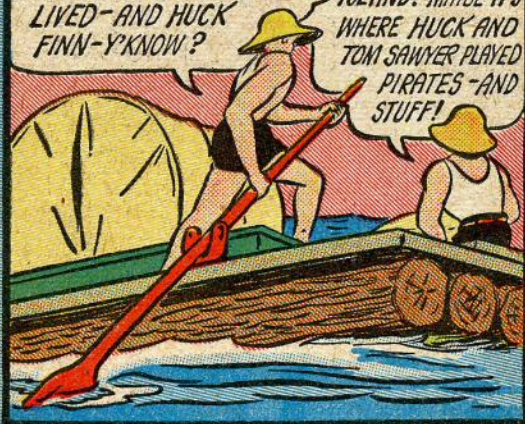




THE NEXT DAY, THE SOUTHWARD TREK CONTINUES ....

HEY- I THINK WE'RE PASSING HANNIBAL, MISSOURI, NOW- WHERE MARK TWAIN LIVED- AND HUCK FINN- Y'KNOW ?

OH, YES-! LOOK AT THAT ISLAND! MAYBE IT'S WHERE HUCK AND TOM SAWYER PLAYED PIRATES- AND STUFF!

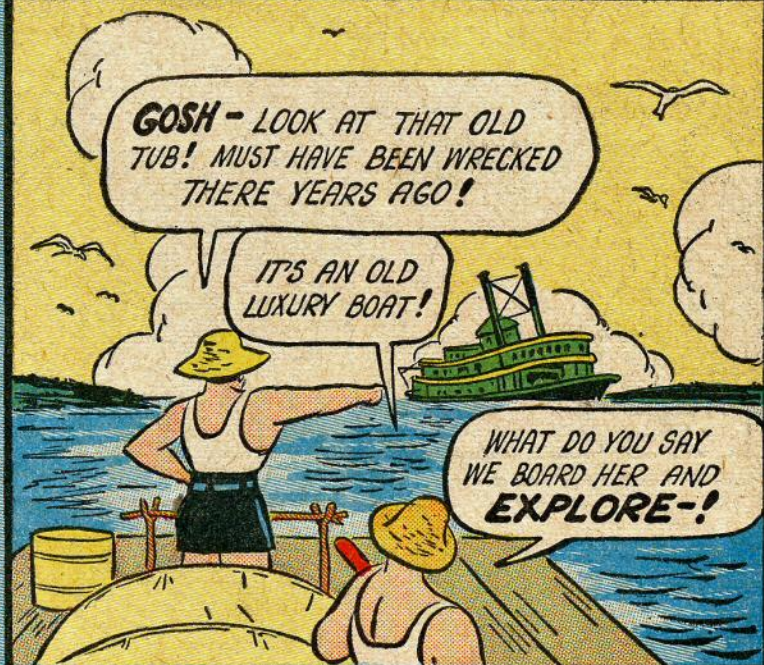


THE DAY SLIPS BY, PEACEFULLY AND SLOWLY....TOWARD EVENING, THE BOYS NEAR AN OLD WRECKED STEAMER, WHICH HAS BEEN LONG ROTTING AWAY IN A MUDBANK...THERE ARE MANY OF THESE WRECKS IN THE WIDE MISSISSIPPI....

GOSH - LOOK AT THAT OLD TUB! MUST HAVE BEEN WRECKED THERE YEARS AGO!

IT'S AN OLD LUXURY BOAT!

WHAT DO YOU SAY WE BOARD HER AND EXPLORE-!

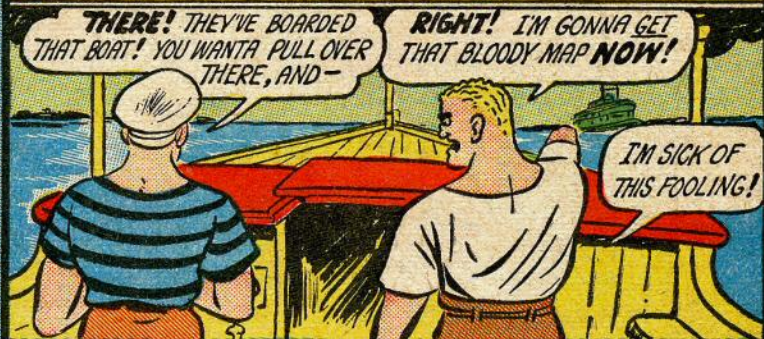


NOW, RAYTON AND SIMBA, WHO HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING AT A DISTANCE, DECIDE UPON A DRASTIC STEP ....

THERE! THEY'VE BOARDED THAT BOAT! YOU WANTA PULL OVER THERE, AND-

RIGHT! I'M GONNA GET THAT BLOODY MAP NOW!

I'M SICK OF THIS FOOLING!



UNAWARE OF THEIR ENEMIES' APPROACH, DICK AND EDDIE EXPLORE ....

LET'S GO INSIDE-!

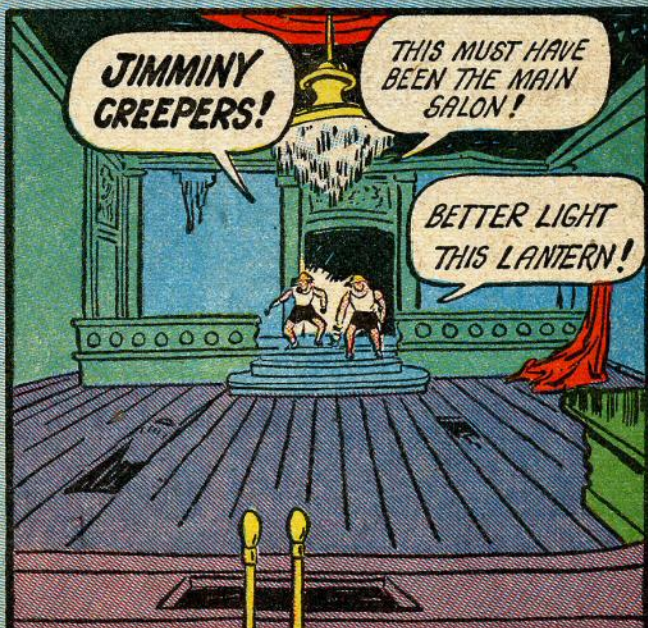
WHAT A BOAT!



JIMMINY GREEPERS!

THIS MUST HAVE BEEN THE MAIN SALON!

BETTER LIGHT THIS LANTERN!





OUTSIDE, RAYTON AND SIMBA ARE JUST COMING ABOARD.

I'VE BEEN SPOILING FOR A REAL FAT GO AT THIS MONKEY, COLE! NOW-BY GUM- I'VE GOT IT!

THAT'S THE IDEA! - SET THEIR RAFT ADRIFT?!



QUIETLY, THEY SNEAK UP AFTER DICK AND EDDIE....

THIS BUSINESS IS KINDA' TICKLISH - YOU BE SURE AND KEEP COLE BUSY - I

DON'T WORRY! YOU TAKE THIS, EDDIE, AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF COLE - HA-A- THERE THEY ARE!



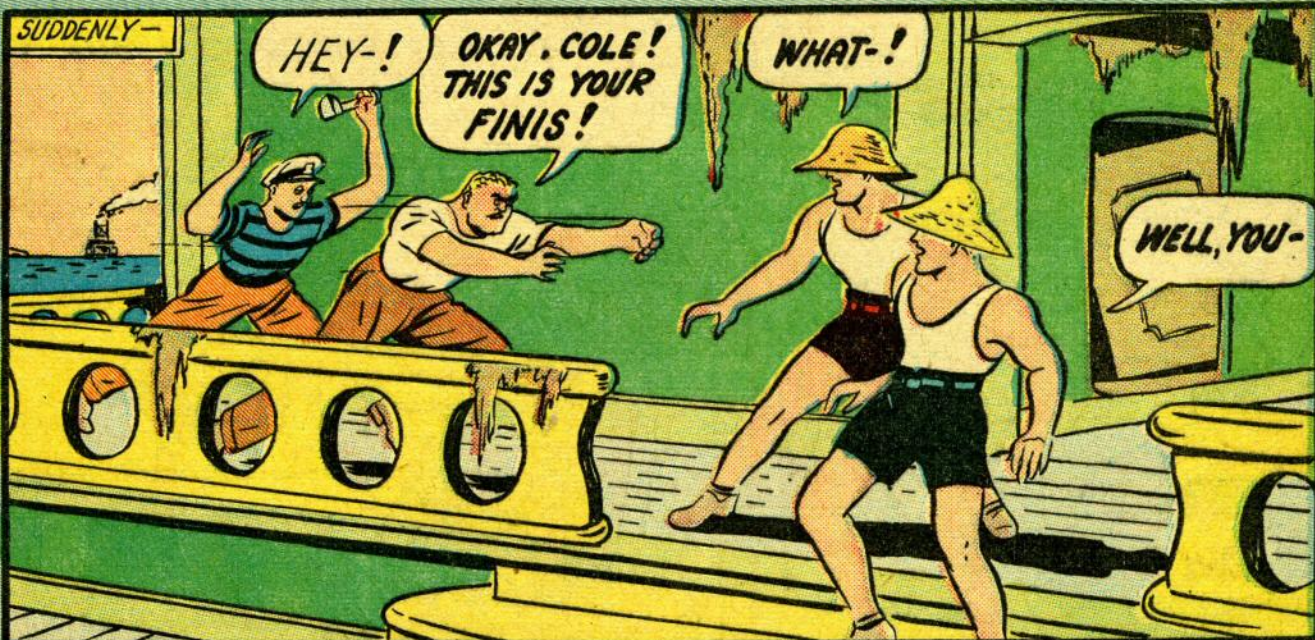
SUDDENLY -

HEY-!

OKAY. COLE! THIS IS YOUR FINIS!

WHAT-!

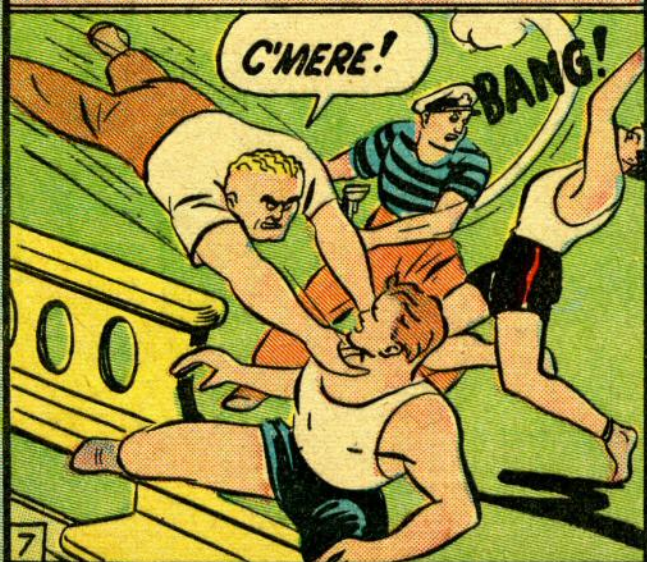
WELL, YOU-



SIMBA LEAPS! WITH ONE COWARDLY BLOW, RAYTON KNOCKS EDDIE COLD WITH A MONKEY WRENCH....

C'MERE!

BANG!



DARN RIGHT-MUG!

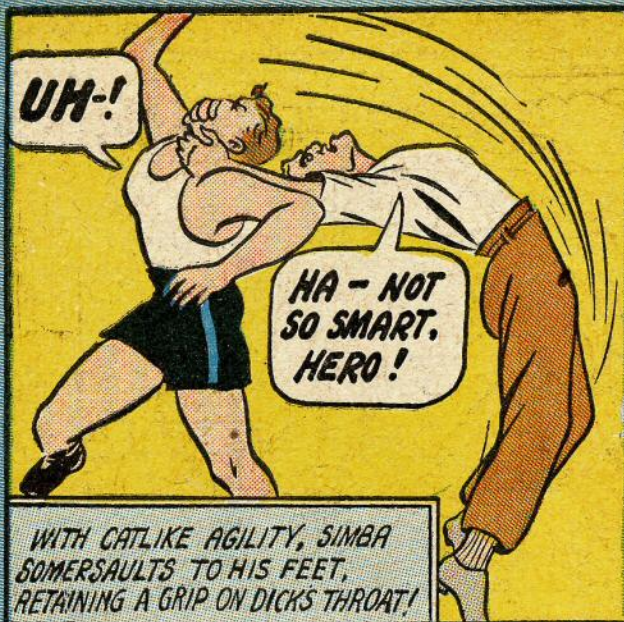
I'M SICK OF YOU TRYING TO SWIPE THAT MAP-!

EVERY TIME I'VE MUSSSED WITH YOU, SOMEBODY'S STOPPED IT! NOBODY'LL STOP **THIS!**

AS SIMBA HITS, DICK HEAVES HIM UPWARD -







UH-!

HA - NOT  
SO SMART,  
HERO!

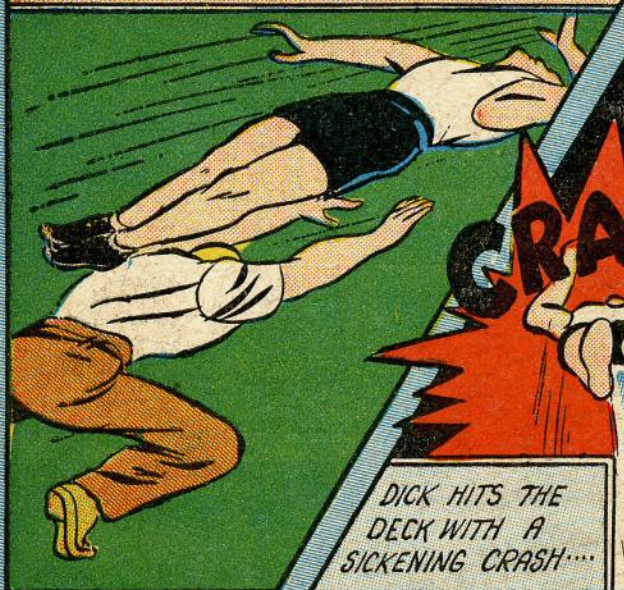
WITH CATLIKE AGILITY, SIMBA  
SOMERSAULTS TO HIS FEET,  
RETAINING A GRIP ON DICK'S THROAT!



GET A  
LOAD OF  
THIS!

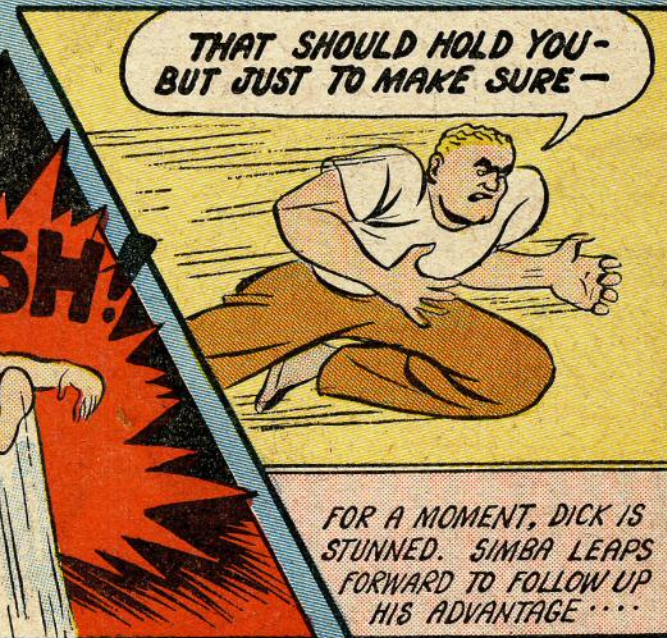
THEN, CALLING HIS  
AMAZING MUSCLES INTO  
PLAY, SIMBA JERKS  
DICK CLEAN OFF THE  
FLOOR —

—AND FLINGS HIM STRAIGHT THROUGH THE AIR—



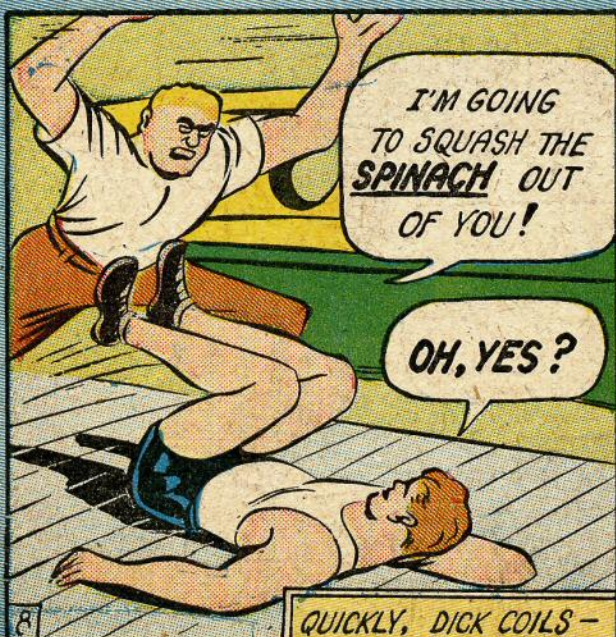
CRASH!

DICK HITS THE  
DECK WITH A  
SICKENING CRASH....



THAT SHOULD HOLD YOU—  
BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE—

FOR A MOMENT, DICK IS  
STUNNED. SIMBA LEAPS  
FORWARD TO FOLLOW UP  
HIS ADVANTAGE....



I'M GOING  
TO SQUASH THE  
SPINACH OUT  
OF YOU!

OH, YES?

QUICKLY, DICK COILS—



OO-OO-F-F-!

TAKE  
THAT!

—THEN JAMS  
OUT HARD!



LIKE YOUNG ANIMALS, THE TWO WONDER BOYS REGAIN THEIR FEET, AND SPRING TO FRESH COMBAT...



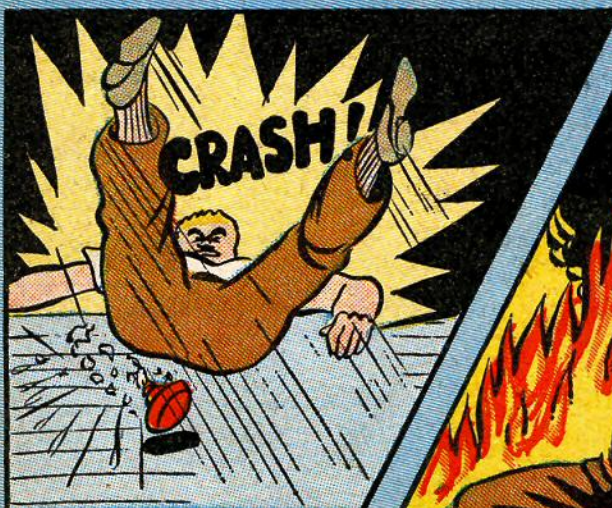
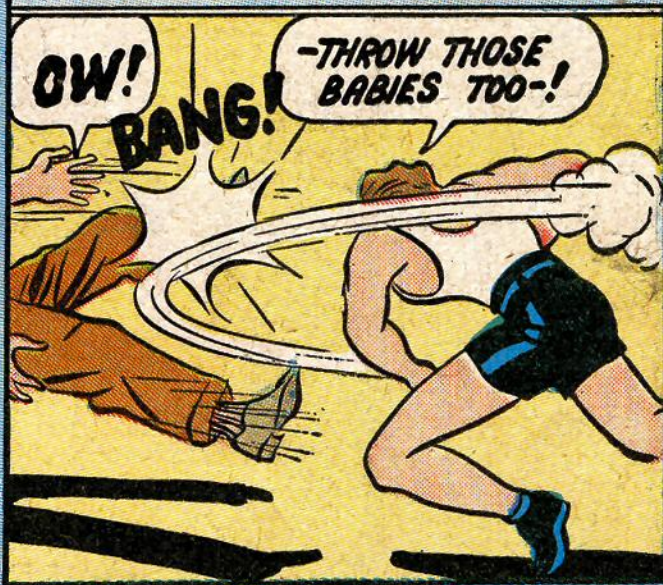
SIMBA UNCORKS A TERRIFIC RIGHT-



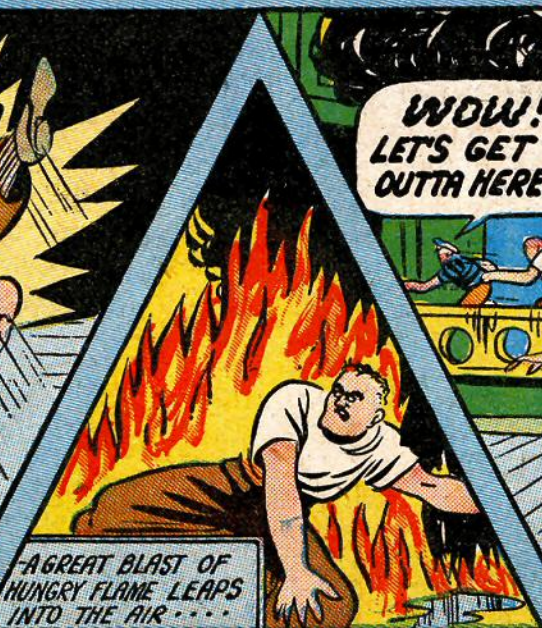
THEN, DICK COMES IN WITH A RIGHT...!



THEN A LEFT! SIMBA SOARS BACKWARD...



AND SMASHES INTO THE KEROSENE LANTERN BREAKING IT IMMEDIATELY—



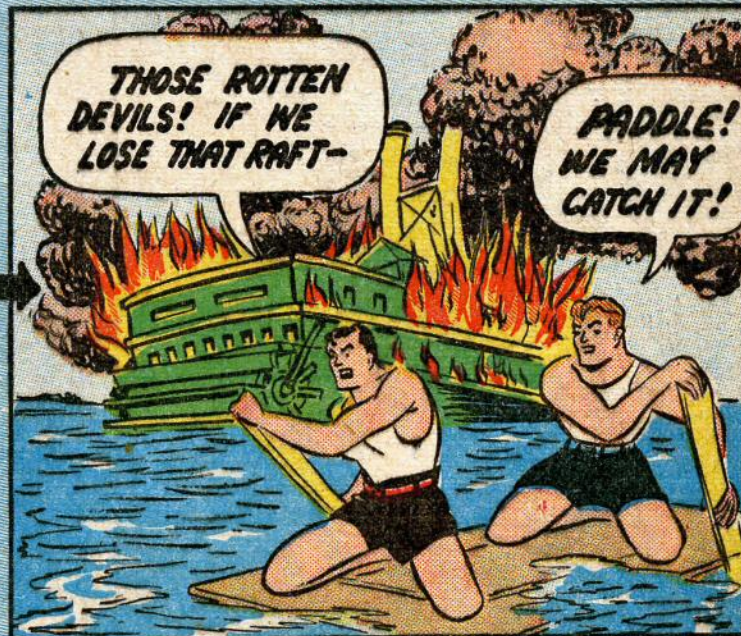
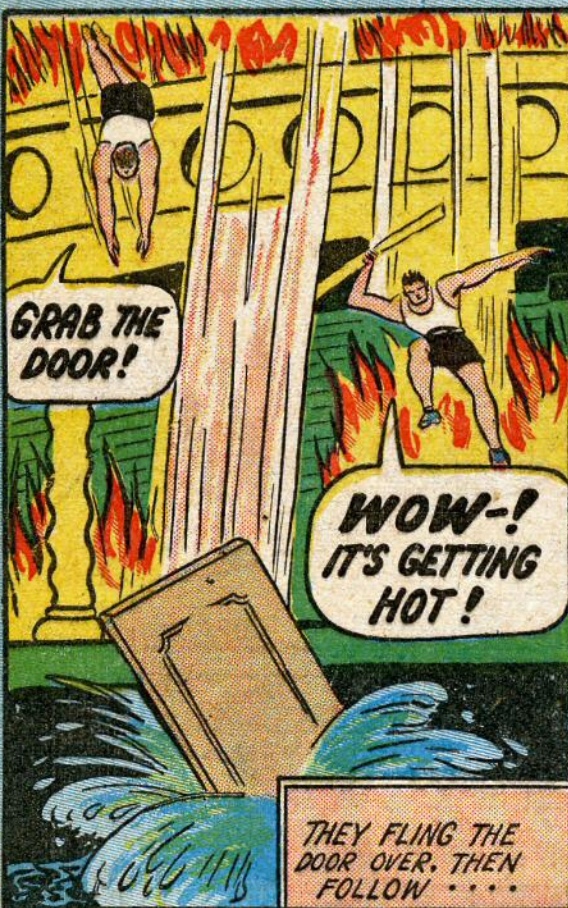
A GREAT BLAST OF HUNGRY FLAME LEAPS INTO THE AIR....



FRANTICALLY, DICK LOOKS ABOUT FOR HIS PAL....



EDDIE IS JUST COMING TO....  
HURRIEDLY, DICK HELPS HIM UP....





FEATURING

# The TWISTER

WHIRLWIND  
CRUSADER  
WITH THE WIND AS  
HIS ONLY WEAPON...

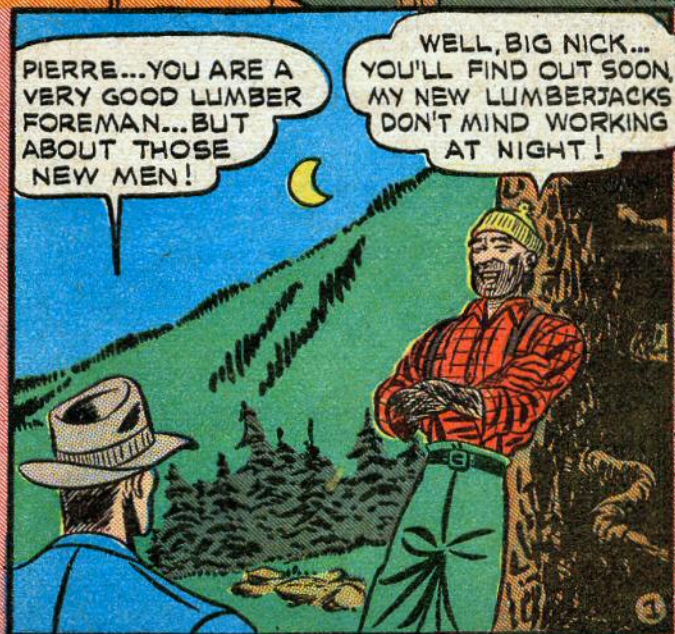
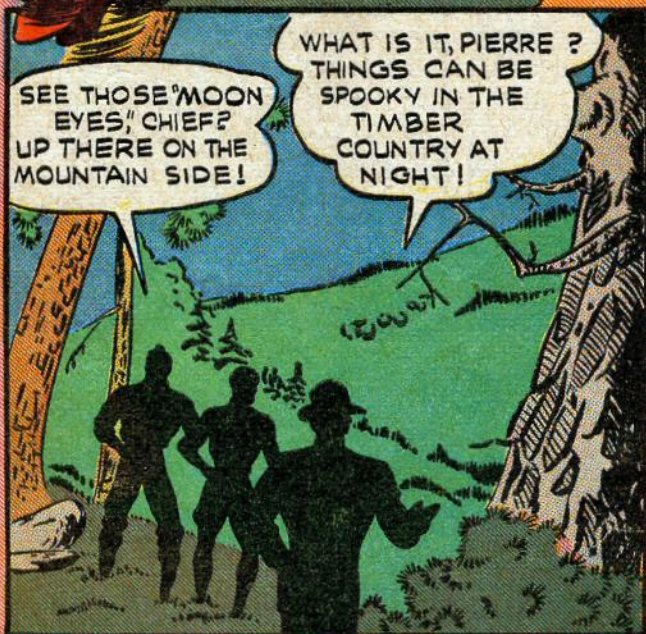


SEE THOSE 'MOON  
EYES,' CHIEF?  
UP THERE ON THE  
MOUNTAIN SIDE!

WHAT IS IT, PIERRE?  
THINGS CAN BE  
SPOOKY IN THE  
TIMBER  
COUNTRY AT  
NIGHT!

PIERRE...YOU ARE A  
VERY GOOD LUMBER  
FOREMAN...BUT  
ABOUT THOSE  
NEW MEN!

WELL, BIG NICK...  
YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON,  
MY NEW LUMBERJACKS  
DON'T MIND WORKING  
AT NIGHT!





LOOK CHIEF-  
HERE THEY  
COME!

**And** IN THE EERIE  
MOON LIGHT, BIG NICK  
SEES AN  
AMAZING SIGHT...



PIERRE...WHO ARE THESE  
HAIRY, BURLY GIANTS...  
TALLER THAN YOU AND  
I! CREEPING IN  
THE DARK!



THESE ARE MY NIGHT "CREW!"  
AH!...NICE STRONG FEL-  
LWS, EH, NICK? I FEED  
THEM A BAR OF  
CHOCOLATE  
AND THEN...



TO WORK  
ALL OF YOU!



**M**OVING HEAVILY, THE GIANT CREATURES BEGIN THEIR  
WORK OF CUTTING LUMBER, WHICH THEY HANDLE LIKE MATCHSTICKS!



THIS IS AMAZING, PIERRE!  
IT'S INCREDIBLE... WHERE DID  
YOU FIND THESE  
STRONG MEN?

HAH! BIG NICK... I'LL TELL  
YOU MY SECRET! THEY'RE  
CAVE MEN OF THE  
MOUNTAINS, WHO  
LIVE AROUND HERE!

THEY'RE WONDERFUL WORK-  
ERS... ONLY ONE DEFECT!  
THEY'RE "MOON EYED"... SEE  
ONLY AT NIGHT... AND ARE  
THEY STRONG!

BUT... IF  
THEY RUN WILD,  
HOW DO YOU STOP  
THEM?



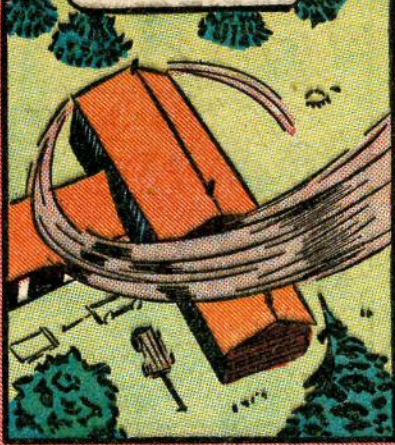




CONTROL THEM? I USE SUGAR... THEY'LL DO ANY WORK FOR A BAR OF CHOCOLATE... IT'S A DRUG FOR THEM!

SAY...WHAT'S THAT, IN THE SKY?

A SWISH OF WIND CIRCLES THE LOG HOUSE WHICH PIERRE AND NICK ARE ABOUT TO ENTER. THEY ARE UNAWARE THAT THE TWISTER HAS THUS ANNOUNCED HIS ARRIVAL!



THAT WIND CALMED DOWN ALL OF A SUDDEN.. PIERRE... THE FOREST SURE IS MYSTERIOUS!

COME ON IN NICK! YOU'VE GOT THE JITTERS!



HIDDEN IN A CORNER, THE TWISTER WATCHES THE TWO MEN ENTER...

YOU SEE, NICK, EVERYTHING IS SO QUIET HERE!



NOW, ABOUT THESE CAVE MEN OF MINE ... EACH ONE DOES THE WORK OF THREE MEN... AND I SURE CAN DRIVE THEM ALL NIGHT!

THAT'S VERY PROFITABLE, PIERRE! BY THE WAY, HOW DO YOU PAY THEM?

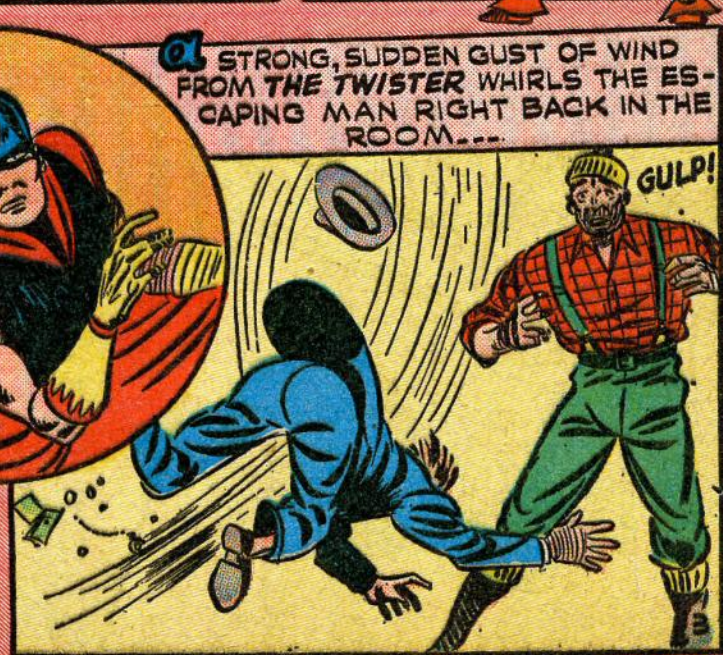


PAY? A FIVE CENT CHOCOLATE BAR PER NIGHT IS... SAY... WHO IS IN HERE?



YOUR PAL, NICK, KNOWS WHO I AM.... THE TWISTER!

NO, YOU DON'T!



A STRONG, SUDDEN GUST OF WIND FROM THE TWISTER WHIRLS THE ESCAPING MAN RIGHT BACK IN THE ROOM...

GULP!



DON'T FOOL WITH THE FORCE THAT UPROOTS TREES... SMASHES HOUSES WHEN AROUSED, MY FRIEND... NOW I HAVE SOMETHING TO DISCUSS WITH YOU, MR. BIG NICK!



...SEND THOSE HELPLESS CREATURES BACK TO THEIR CAVES... OR I'LL STOP YOUR MOVING A SINGLE STICK OF LUMBER FROM CAMP!



AS THE TWISTER TALKS TO NICK, PIERRE PICKS UP A SHARP AXE AND HURLS IT AT THE TWISTER!! THIS'LL CUT YOUR WHISTLE TWISTER!



YOU NEEDN'T BE JEALOUS, PIERRE! I'LL ATTEND TO YOU RIGHT NOW!



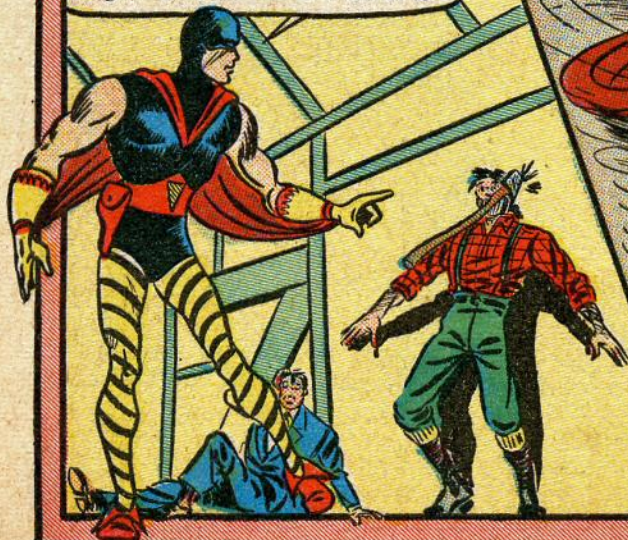
THE TWISTER FLINGS THE AXE BACK AT PIERRE...



...AND ITS SHARP EDGE NEATLY TRIMS THE HAIR OFF THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD...



RELEASE THOSE ENSLAVED CAVE MEN... THE BOTH OF YOU... AT ONCE! I SHALL NOT WARN YOU AGAIN!



AS A REMINDER OF HIS POWER... THE TWISTER SENDS A GUST OF WIND THAT PICKS UP A HEAVY TABLE, AND CRASHES IT AGAINST THE TWO MEN, AND DISAPPEARS...





**THE TWO MEN UNTANGLE THEMSELVES FROM THE TABLE...AND RUSH OUTSIDE...**



GUESS HE'S GONE...  
**BAH!** HE CAN'T STOP US... BESIDES THERE'S MONEY TO BE MADE!

WHAT HAPPENED?



NOW TO GIVE MY LITTLE PETS A SPECIAL TREATMENT TO SPEED UP PRODUCTION!



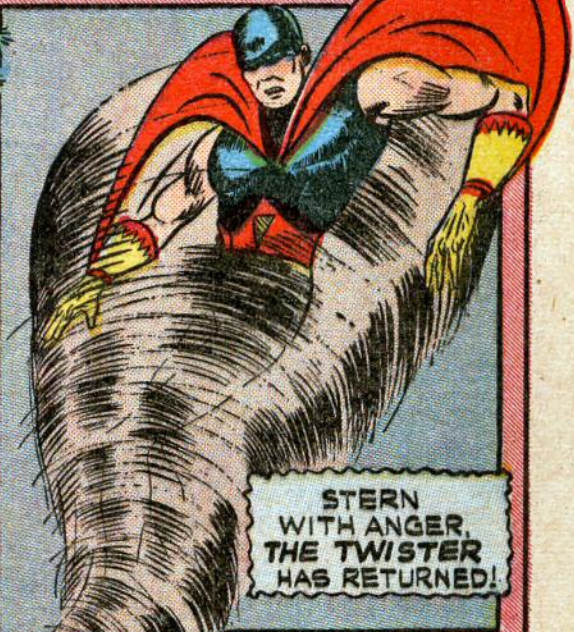
**FASTER! FASTER!** YOU LAZY MONSTERS OF THE NIGHT!



**PIERRE'S WHIP CRACKS UNTIL THE OVERWORKED CAVE MEN START DROPPING FROM EXHAUSTION!**



THEN A HOWLING CYCLONE DROWNS OUT THE CRACKING OF PIERRE'S BRUTAL WHIP!



**STERN WITH ANGER, THE TWISTER HAS RETURNED!**



**THE TWISTER PLOUGHS THROUGH PIERRE'S OVERSEERS AND MOWS THEM DOWN LIKE WHEAT...**



**BLAST HIM!** GET HIM YOU "MOON EYED" CREATURES OR YOU'LL GET NO MORE CHOCOLATE!

YOU ASKED FOR THIS!

**D**DRIVEN ON WITH THE FEAR OF LOSING THEIR PRECIOUS CHOCOLATE RATIONS...THE CAVE MEN ATTACK THE TWISTER WITH HERCULEAN EFFORT...BEING MANY IN NUMBER, AND OF SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH...THEY TRAP HIM!



**PIERRE ORDERS THE HOME-  
LY CAVE MEN TO TIE THE  
TWISTER TO A TREE---**

POOR DEVILS!  
THEY WERE FORCED  
TO DO THIS!

DIG A HOLE HERE!  
MAKE IT DEEP! WE'LL  
BURY THAT GUY FOR  
GOOD!

---MUST DO SOMETHING  
QUICK...OR I'M FINISHED!  
AH! MY CYCLONE  
GUN---

OH...I'VE  
GOT TO REACH  
THAT GUN!

**THE** TWISTER'S HAND FOLDS  
ON THE GUN AND A SHORT  
BLAST ON THE ROPE...

**FREES  
HIM...**

HERE'S A  
LITTLE TOKEN  
TO SHOW HOW I  
FEEL ABOUT YOU!

THOSE BULLETS  
ARE COMING  
TOO CLOSE!

**S**URPRISED... PIERRE'S MEN POUR  
A STEADY STREAM OF BUL-  
LETS AFTER HIM!

DON'T LET  
HIM GET AWAY!

**A**NNOYED AT THE BULLETS  
WHIZZING PAST HIM, THE  
TWISTER WHEELS AROUND.

**A**ND SENDS A WITHERING  
BLAST FROM THE CYCLONE  
GUN INTO THE MEN!



WEAVING LOW TO THE GROUND, THE TWISTER BATTERS THROUGH MORE MEN TO GET AT PIERRE...

EVIDENTLY YOU THOUGHT I WAS FOOLING! YOU KNOW BETTER NOW!

ORDER THOSE POOR BRUTES TO RETURN TO THEIR HOMES, OR I'LL MAKE PULP OUT OF YOU!

I'LL DO IT!

HE LUNGES AT HIM...

IN SHEEPISH BEWILDERMENT, THE CAVE MEN LUMBER BACK TO THEIR MOUNTAIN DWELLING...

...AND AS THE LAST ONE DISAPPEARS INTO THE CAVE...THE TWISTER SEALS IT SHUT FOREVER!

THEY'LL NEVER BE TREATED LIKE THAT AGAIN!

BACK IN THE LOG HOUSE!

THERE GO OUR FREE LABORERS! CURSE THAT TWISTER!

DON'T WORRY! WITH ALL THE LUMBER STORED...WE'LL STILL HAVE PROFITS!

HOWEVER... BIG NICK'S STATEMENT WAS ONLY WISFUL THINKING, AS SOME GIGANTIC POWER RIPS THE ROOF OF THE CABIN OFF...

NOW WHAT?

GOOD LORD! LOOK... THE ROOF IS BLOWING OFF!

IT'S HIM AGAIN... LOOK WHAT HE'S DOING!



THE TWISTER HAS AGAIN COME BACK TO COMPLETE THE PUNISHMENT THE TWO PLOTTERS WELL DESERVE... A CYCLONIC WIND GRIPS THE STORED LOGS...

...AND SUCKS THEM HIGH INTO THE AIR AT A TERRIFIC SPEED!

LET'S GET OUT OR WE'LL BE KILLED!

UNDER THE TWISTER'S CONTROL, THE LOGS DIP... AND CRASH INTO THE EARTH!

PIERRE... YOU HAVE BROUGHT THIS UPON YOURSELF... DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS AGAIN, AND YOU'LL ANSWER TO ME!

**BAM!**

AFTER THE DUST SETTLES, ALL THAT CAN BE SEEN IS A FEW BROKEN LOGS STICKING ABOVE THE SURFACE. THE REST ARE BURIED DEEP UNDERGROUND!

WITH A ROAR... THE TWISTER IS GONE!!

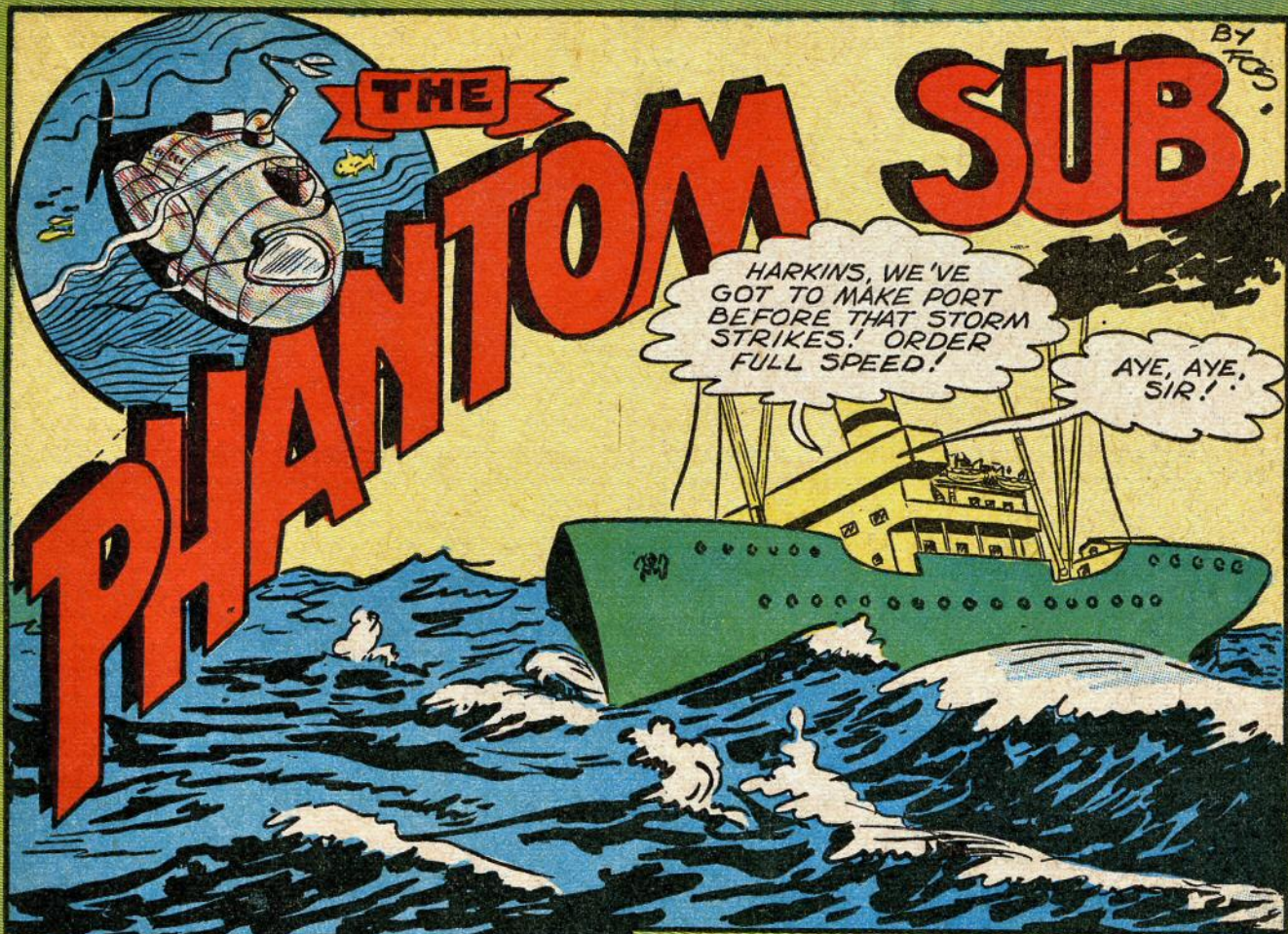
WELL, NICK... WE'RE WIPED OUT... LOST EVERYTHING!

HE'S AN ILL WIND...

...WHO BLOWS NO GOOD FOR US! HE COULD HAVE WIPED US OFF THE EARTH TOO! THE TWISTER... HMM, YOU CAN'T FIGHT AGAINST A FELLOW WHO CONTROLS THE WIND!!

**THE TWISTER**  
STRIKES AGAIN!  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE  
of  
**BLUE BOLT**  
MAGAZINE





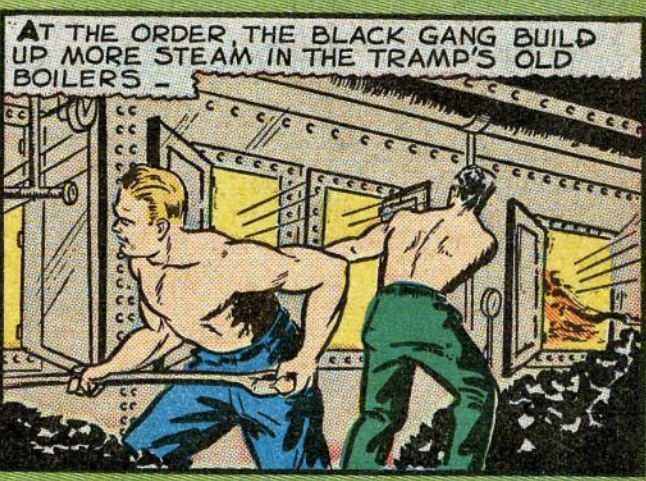
THE

SUB

HARKINS, WE'VE GOT TO MAKE PORT BEFORE THAT STORM STRIKES! ORDER FULL SPEED!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

OFF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST OF THE UNITED STATES, A BATTERED TRAMP STEAMER IS BEATING ITS WAY TOWARD PORT. A FIERCE TROPICAL STORM IS BREWING AND THE SOUNDLESS AIR SEEMS FILLED WITH FOREBODING EVIL !!!



AT THE ORDER THE BLACK GANG BUILD UP MORE STEAM IN THE TRAMP'S OLD BOILERS -



WOT'S THE OLD MAN TRYIN' TO DO, BLOW US ALL UP? THOSE OLD BOILERS CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE!

AS IF IT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH PLAYIN' NURSEMAID TO A BUNCH OF GORILLAS!

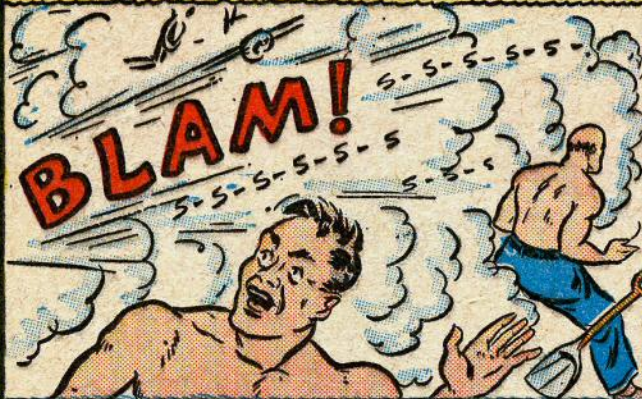


YEAH! GORILLAS IN TH' BOILER-ROOM! WOT A VESSEL!

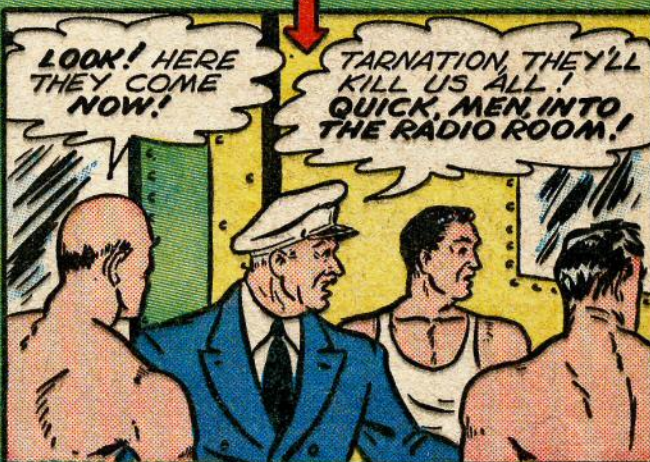
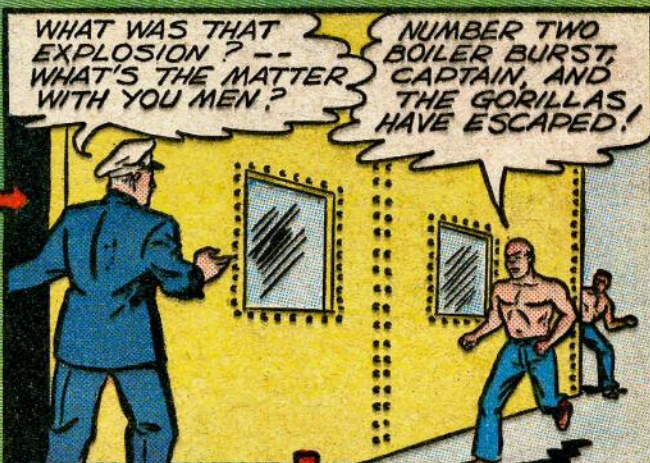
WELL, IT SEEMS THAT FOR ALL THEIR SIZE THEY'RE DELICATE DEVILS, SO THE OLD MAN KEEPS 'EM HERE SO THEY WON'T CATCH COLD!



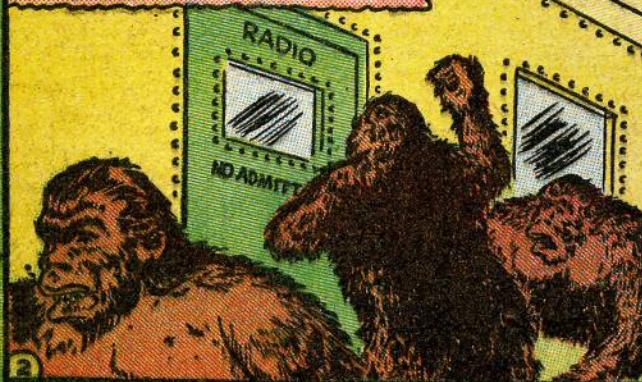
SUDDENLY, UNDER THE BUILT-UP PRESSURE, ONE OF THE SHIP'S OLD BOILERS EXPLODES!



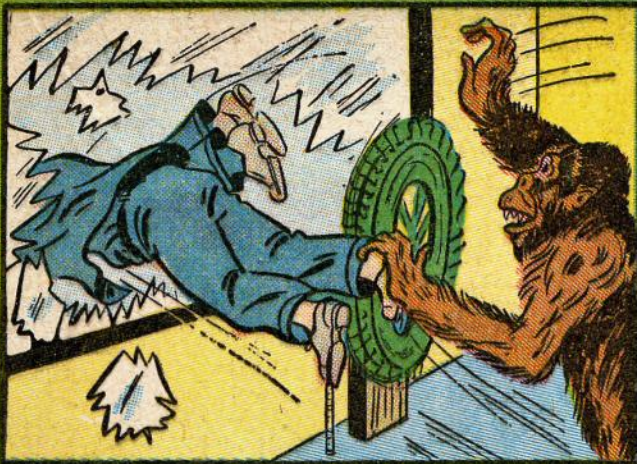
LIVE STEAM IS SPRAYED ONTO THE GORILLAS! WITH SCREAMS OF RAGE AND PAIN, THEY PULL AT THE BARS OF THEIR PRISON!



TEMPORARILY BAFFLED BY THE LOCKED DOOR OF THE RADIO ROOM, THE GORILLAS HEAD FOR THE BRIDGE!





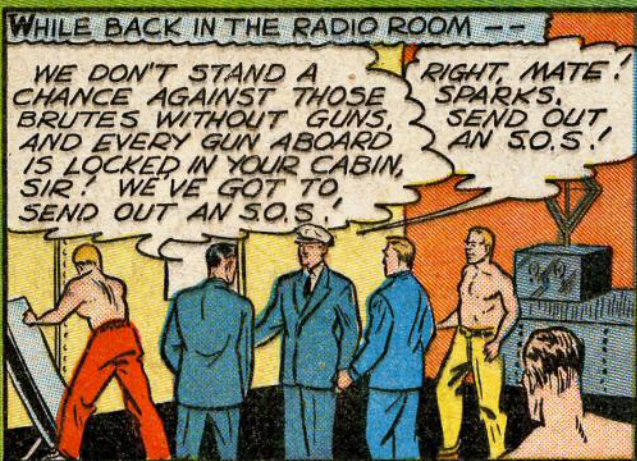


THANK HEAVEN,  
YOU'RE SAFE!  
WE HAD NO WAY  
TO WARN YOU  
ABOUT THEM!

YES, SAFE FOR  
A WHILE, BUT  
WITH THAT  
STORM COMING  
UP AND NO  
ONE AT THE  
WHEEL!



BUT THE MATE IS WRONG! — ONE OF  
THE GORILLAS IS AT THE WHEEL —  
AND HE VENTS HIS RAGE ON IT!



WHILE BACK IN THE RADIO ROOM — —

WE DON'T STAND A  
CHANCE AGAINST THOSE  
BRUTES WITHOUT GUNS,  
AND EVERY GUN ABOARD  
IS LOCKED IN YOUR CABIN,  
SIR! WE'VE GOT TO  
SEND OUT AN S.O.S.!

RIGHT, MATE!  
SPARKS,  
SEND OUT  
AN S.O.S.!



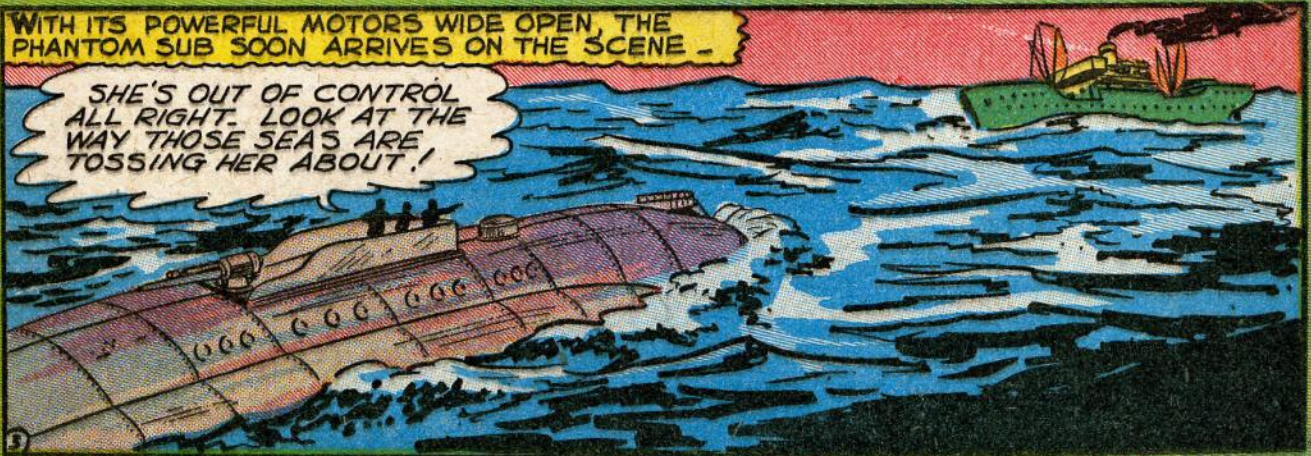
THE EVER-CRUISE PHANTOM SUB  
PICKS UP THE TRAMP'S CALL FOR HELP —

AN S.O.S. FROM A  
TRAMP STEAMER,  
JACK! SEEMS THAT  
SOME GORILLAS  
HAVE TAKEN OVER  
THE SHIP!

WHAT?  
LET'S BE  
ON OUR  
WAY!

WITH ITS POWERFUL MOTORS WIDE OPEN, THE  
PHANTOM SUB SOON ARRIVES ON THE SCENE —

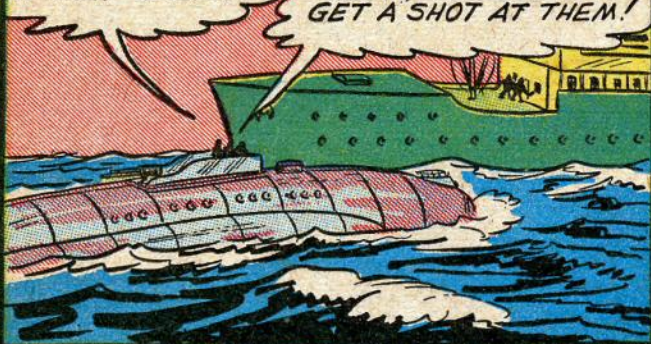
SHE'S OUT OF CONTROL  
ALL RIGHT. LOOK AT THE  
WAY THOSE SEAS ARE  
TOSSING HER ABOUT!





HEY! THERE ARE THE GORILLAS! THEY MUST HAVE THE CREW IMPRISONED IN THAT CABIN!

YEAH, AND BETWEEN THEIR STICKING CLOSE TO THE CABIN, AND THESE ROLLING SEAS, WE'LL NEVER GET A SHOT AT THEM!



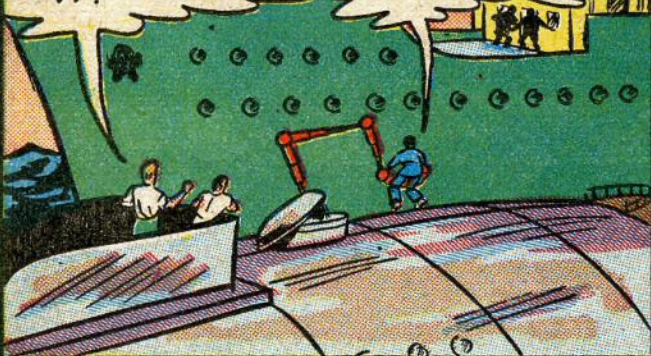
IF THEY WOULD ONLY COME OVER NEAR THE RAIL WE WOULD HAVE A CLEAR SHOT AT THEM!

RIGHT! -- AND I'M GOING TO BE THE DECOY TO BRING THEM THERE SWING OUT THE CLAW!



YOU'RE COMMITTING SUICIDE, JACK! FORGET ABOUT IT!

IT'S GOT TO BE DONE -- SWING AWAY!



AS SOON AS JACK HITS THE DECK, THE GORILLAS SEE HIM AND RUSH --

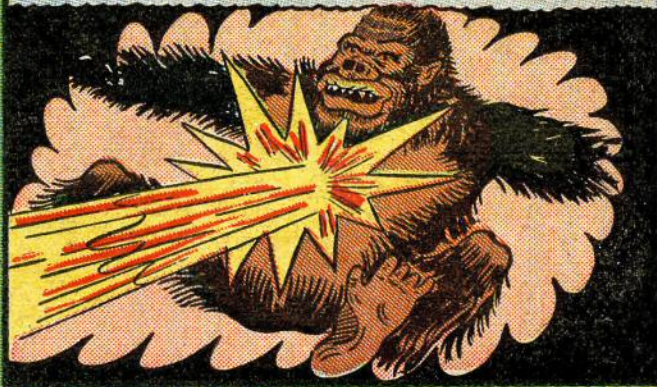
NOW IT'S MY TURN TO MOVE -- AND I'D BETTER NOT SLIP!



BUT THE WET DECKS PROVE JACK'S UN-DOING AND HE DOES SLIP, DIRECTLY UNDER THE FOREMOST GORILLA --

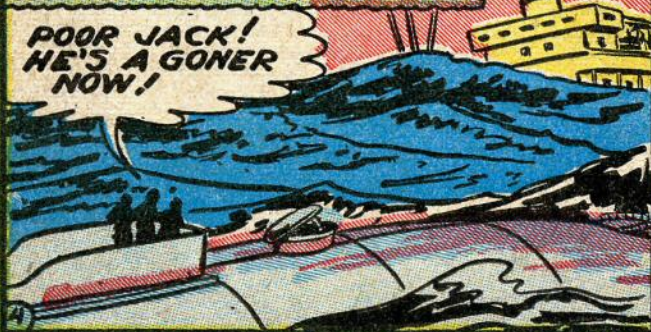


JUST AS THE GORILLA IS ABOUT TO GRAB JACK, THE WATER-GUN SPEAKS AND AN ELECTRIFIED PROJECTILE FINDS ITS MARK --



WITH THE FIERCE STORM RAPIDLY NEARING, THE SEAS REACH MOUNTAINOUS HEIGHTS -- NOW, THE HEAVY SEA KEELS THE SHIP OVER SO THAT THE PHANTOM CREW CAN'T EVEN SEE THE DECK OF THE TRAMP --

POOR JACK! HE'S A GONER NOW!



BUT THE ROLLING SEA AIDS JACK BY THROWING THE BODY OF THE PARALYZED GORILLA INTO THE OTHER BEAST --





THE SHIP NOW ROLLING BACK, GIVES THE PHANTOM CREW A CLEAR SHOT AT THE OTHER GORILLA —

BULLSEYE, TED!  
THAT'S BOTH OF  
THEM!

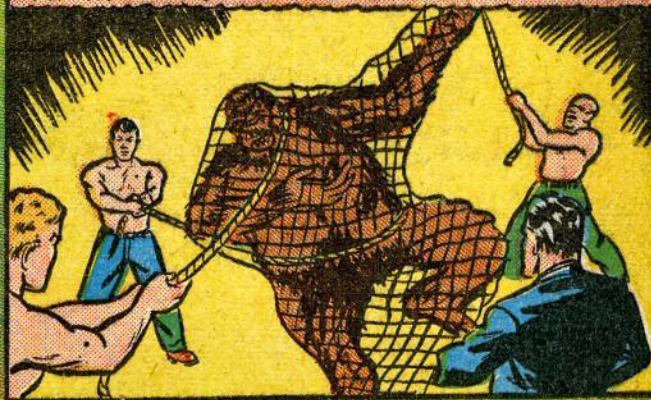


I GUESS WE GOT  
HERE JUST IN  
TIME! THERE ARE  
YOUR TWO GORILLAS!  
THEY'RE JUST  
PARALYZED!

TWO GORILLAS?  
WE HAD THREE!  
ONE'S STILL LOOSE.  
GET THE NET,  
MEN, AND ROUND  
HIM UP!



THE OTHER GORILLA IS DISCOVERED IN  
THE WHEEL HOUSE AND IS SOON CAPTURED!



ALL RIGHT, MEN, GET  
THOSE BEASTS DOWN  
TO THE BOILER ROOM  
BEFORE THEY  
CATCH COLD!

CAN YA BEAT  
IT? FIRST THEY  
ALMOST SEND US  
TO DAVEY JONES'  
LOCKER, AND NOW  
WE GOTTA  
PAMPER 'EM!



YOUR MEN DON'T  
LIKE PLAYING  
NURSEMAID TO  
THE GORILLAS,  
CAPTAIN?

NO BUT GETTING  
THEM IN SAFELY MEANS  
A LOT TO MY FIRM,  
SO IT'S GOT TO BE  
DONE-- COME ON,  
MEN, GET THAT WHEEL  
FIXED AND THE SHIP  
UNDER CONTROL!



WE GOT OUR SHIP  
UNDER CONTROL JUST  
IN TIME. THAT STORM  
WILL HIT IN A FEW  
MINUTES! I CAN  
ONLY THANK YOU  
FELLOWS FROM THE  
BOTTOM OF MY  
HEART!

WE WERE GLAD TO  
BE OF SERVICE,  
CAPTAIN! -- BUT  
HURRY, SLIM,  
WE'VE GOT TO  
SUBMERGE TO  
RIDE OUT THIS  
STORM!

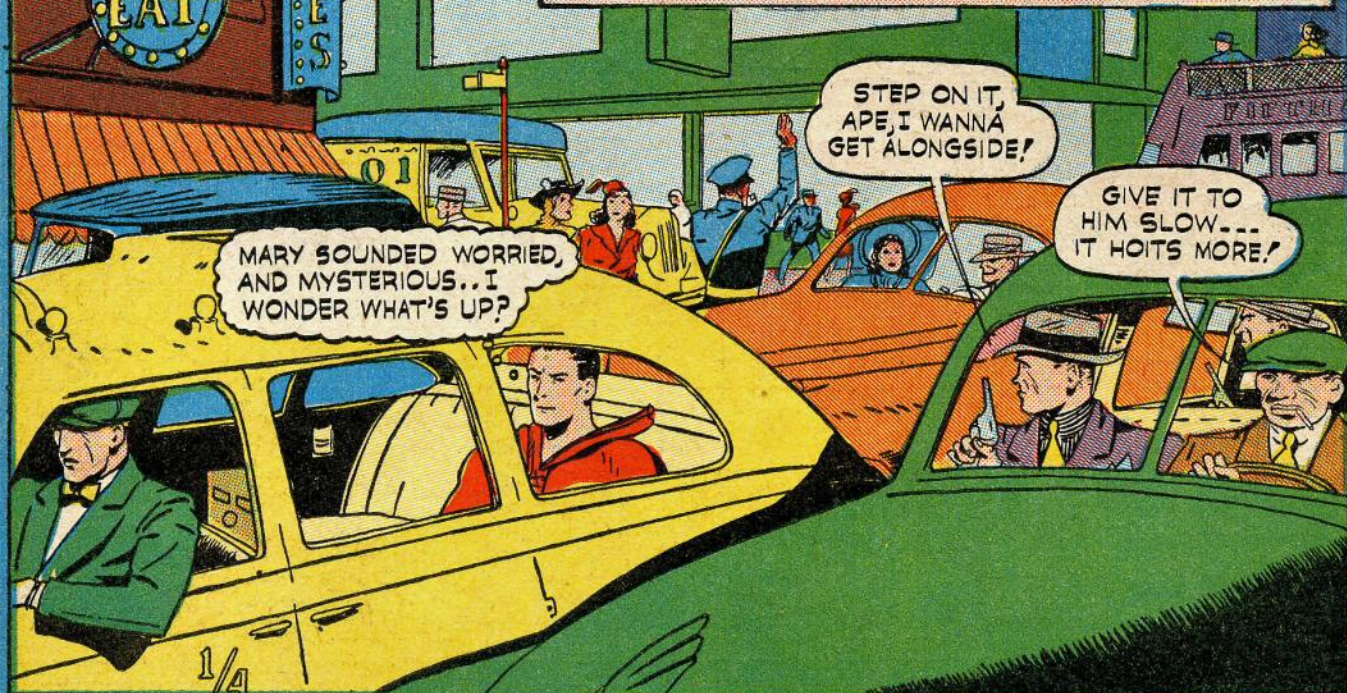


**A**NOTHER  
THRILLING ADVENTURE  
ABOARD THE  
"PHANTOM SUB"  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE  
OF  
**BLUE BOLT  
COMICS!!**



# SUB-ZERO

**SUB-ZERO**, WHO HAS DEDICATED HIS STRANGE POWER OF FREEZING TO FIGHT EVIL, RECEIVES A PHONE CALL FROM HIS GIRL FRIEND, MARY HOWARD, AN ACTRESS, ASKING HIM TO MEET HER AT A ROOF GARDEN RESTAURANT. AS HE HEADS THERE IN A TAXI, A SEDAN FOLLOWS. . .



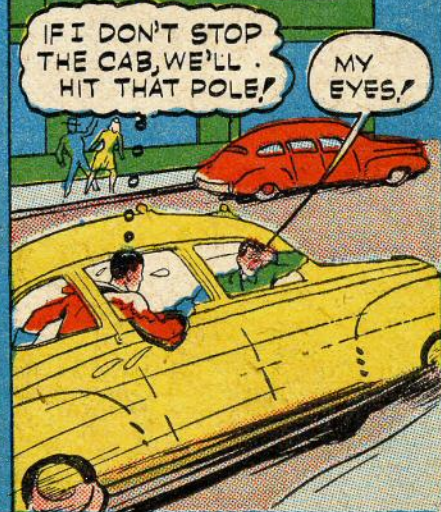
**AS** THE SEDAN DRAWS ALONGSIDE THE TAXI, TWO WATER PISTOLS GO INTO ACTION... SQUIRTING DEADLY STREAMS OF ACID!



**SUB-ZERO** COVERS HIMSELF WITH A PROTECTIVE COAT OF ICE. . . .



**HIS** FACE SEARED BY THE CORROSIVE FLUID, THE DRIVER LOSES CONTROL OF THE TAXI. . . .





AS THE TAXI HURTTLES TOWARD THE POLE. . .

MAYBE I CAN BLAST THE BRAKE DOWN!



SUB-ZERO'S HAND MOVES...ICE FORCES THE BRAKE DOWN TO THE FLOOR. . .

WE'RE STOPPING... FAST!



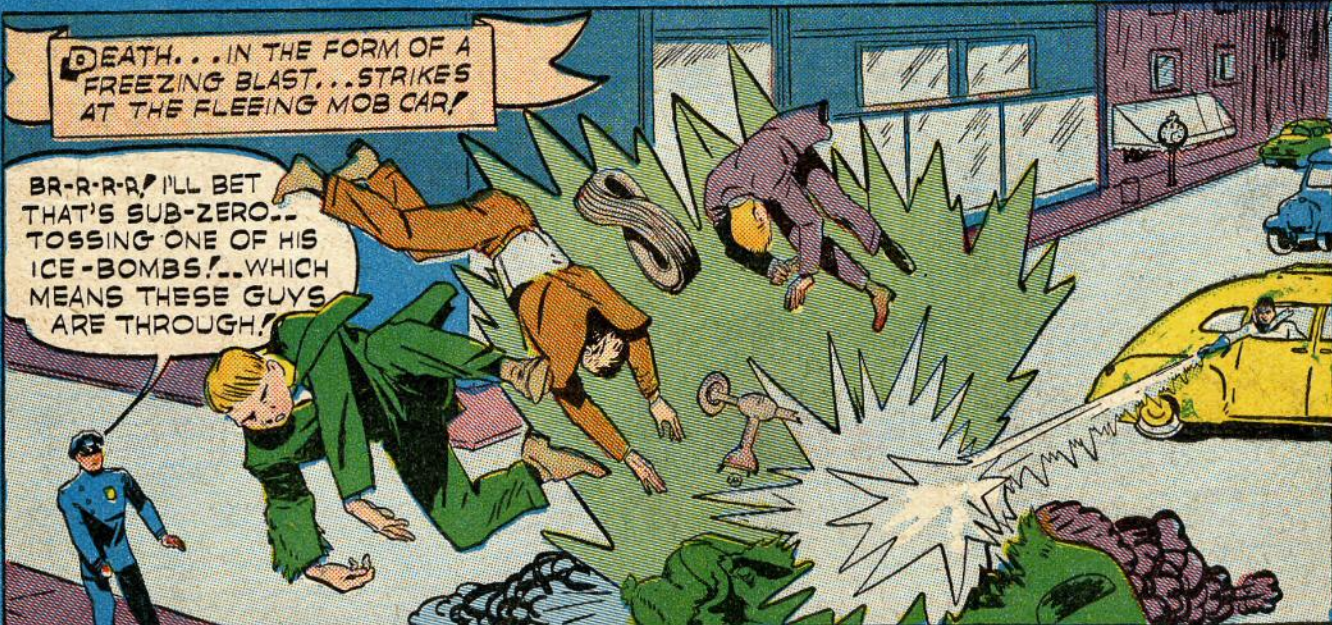
THE TAXI IS JERKED TO AN ABRUPT HALT... WITHIN INCHES OF THE POLE... SUB-ZERO WHIRLS. . .

NOW BOYS, WE'LL SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE IT!



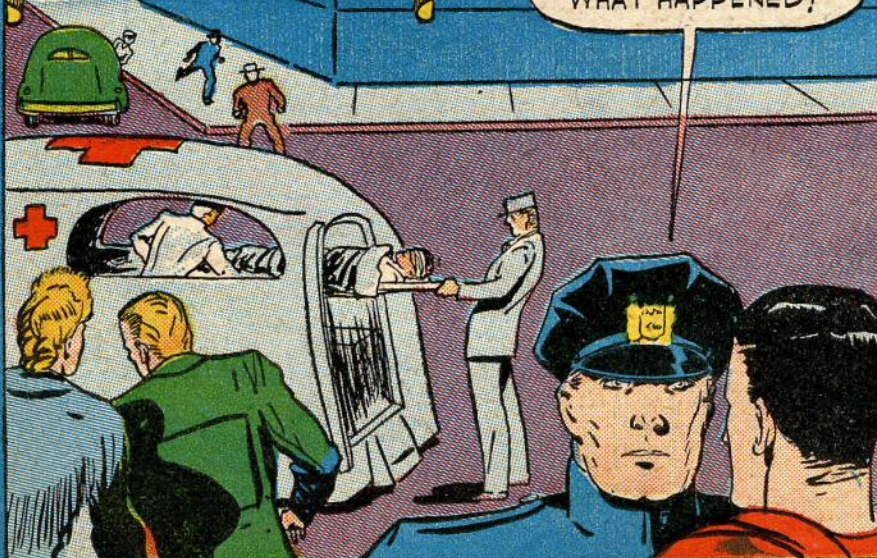
DEATH... IN THE FORM OF A FREEZING BLAST... STRIKES AT THE FLEEING MOB CAR!

BR-R-R-R! I'LL BET THAT'S SUB-ZERO... TOSSING ONE OF HIS ICE-BOMBS!... WHICH MEANS THESE GUYS ARE THROUGH!



AN AMBULANCE IS RUSHED TO THE SCENE. . .

THEM RATS NEED A MORGUE WAGON!.. WHAT HAPPENED?



THEY TRIED TO PUT ME ON THE SPOT... BUT YOU CAN GET A STATEMENT FROM THE TAXI DRIVER AT THE HOSPITAL... I'VE A HUNCH THIS IS ONLY THE START... SEE YOU LATER!





MEANWHILE, AT A RESTAURANT ATOP A MIDTOWN SKYSCRAPER, MARY ANXIOUSLY WAITS FOR SUB-ZERO.



WHAT'S KEEPING HIM?... HE'S USUALLY SO PROMPT!... I-I HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED!

A WAITER HANDS MARY A LARGE BOX...



A MESSENGER BOY JUST DELIVERED THIS, MISS HOWARD...

A PRESENT FROM SUB-ZERO, I'LL BET... WANTS ME TO FORGIVE HIM FOR STANDING ME UP!

THANK YOU!

ORCHIDS TO YOU!



DEAR MARY... WAS DETAINED ON A CASE... DON'T BOTHER WAITING... WILL EXPLAIN LATER... SUB-ZERO.

BUT, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, SUB-ZERO APPEARS AT THE RESTAURANT.



THERE SHE IS!... WHAT'S THAT ON HER TABLE?... FLOWERS?... EITHER I'VE GOT A RIVAL OR... MAYBE I'D BETTER NOT TAKE A CHANCE!

SENSING SOMETHING WRONG, SUB-ZERO FLICKS A COLD SHAFT AT MARY'S HANDS JUST AS SHE IS ABOUT TO TAKE THE ORCHIDS FROM THE BOX----



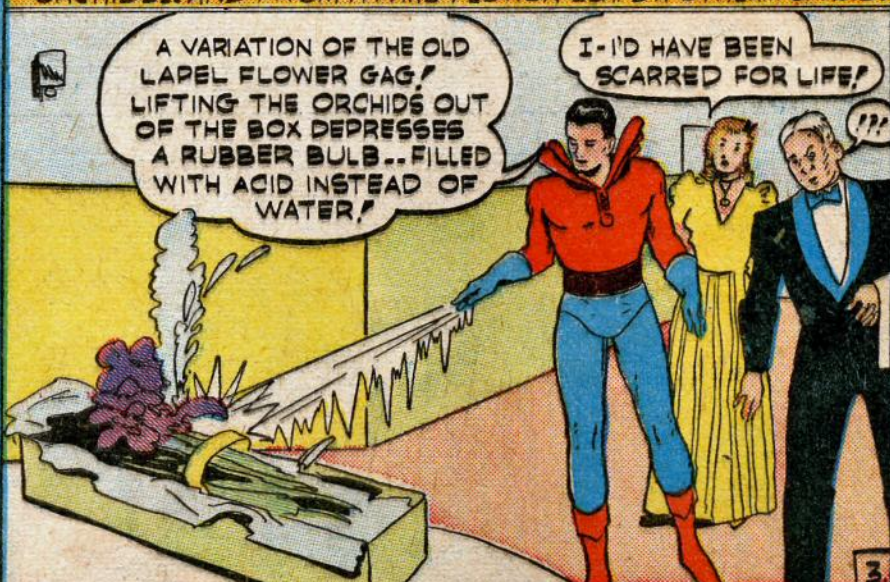
ECK! MY BOY FRIEND'S HERE!

INDIAN-GIVER! FIRST, YOU SEND ME FLOWERS... THEN YOU SEND THEM AWAY!... AND THEY'RE SO LOVELY!



I NEVER SENT THEM, AND IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, THEY'RE NOT AS LOVELY AS YOU THINK... WATCH!

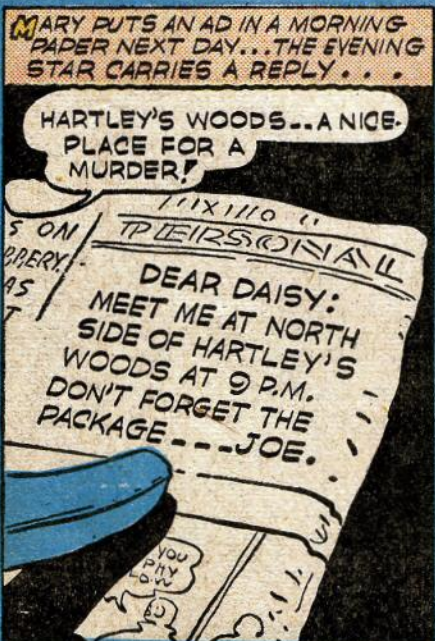
DIRECTING MARY TO STAND ASIDE, SUB-ZERO BLASTS THE ORCHIDS... AND FROM A FAKE FLOWER LEAPS A STREAM OF ACID.



A VARIATION OF THE OLD LAPEL FLOWER GAG! LIFTING THE ORCHIDS OUT OF THE BOX DEPRESSES A RUBBER BULB... FILLED WITH ACID INSTEAD OF WATER!

I-I'D HAVE BEEN SCARR'D FOR LIFE! ???







WITH MARY'S EXPERT AID, SUB-ZERO IS TRANSFORMED INTO 'MARY'.



HERE'S ONE OF MY CHARACTER WIGS.

AIN'T HE SWEET?

GIVE JOE A BIG KISS FOR ME!

I WILL... RIGHT ON THE BEEZER!

THE TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETE...

ANN SHERIDAN HAS NOTHING ON ME!... HOW'S THE OOMPH?



SUB-ZERO... ALIAS MARY... BOARDS A POLICE PLANE AND SPEEDS TOWARD HARTLEY'S WOODS...



THE MOON'S SHINING...JUST ENOUGH!



"DAISY" KEEPS HER DATE!

HI, BABE-- DID YOU BRING THE PACKAGE?



AS FIVE MOBSTERS LEAP FROM BEHIND THE TREES, SUB-ZERO HURLS A SERIES OF FREEZING BLASTS... THE GUNMEN SQUIRM AS ICICLE-COVERED BRANCHES IMPRISON THEM...



THAT AIN'T THE DAME!

HERE IT IS, KIDDO!

YEOW!



ICE ON TREES LOOKS LOVELY IN THE MOONLIGHT...OR HAVE YOU NO EYE FOR BEAUTY, BOYS?

HEY-- DIS AIN'T FAIR!  
H.A-L-P!



**B**UT ONE TREE ESCAPES THE WINTRY BLAST... REVELL, THE MOB LEADER, STEPS FROM BEHIND IT . . .

DROP THE ARTILLERY, BOYS, AND I'LL LET THE BRANCHES THAW OUT!

I HATE TO DO THIS TO A LADY... EVEN A FAKE ONE!



TAKE THAT, MISS SUB-ZERO!

YEOW!

DAT'S IT, BOSS-- NOW GET US OUTTA' HERE!

**R**EVELL FREES HIS HENCHMEN.. ONE OF THEM PRODUCES A BOTTLE OF ACID. . .

DIS'LL FIX HIM SO HIS OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T KNOW HIM!

NOT YET, COKEY. WE MAY NEED HIM. PUT HIM IN THE CAR. WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE HIDE-OUT!



**S**EARING PAIN AWAKENS SUB-ZERO IN THE GANG HIDEOUT... REALIZING HE IS TIED WITH ACID-SOAKED ROPE HE FREEZES HIS BODY. . THEN HE LOOKS AROUND AND SEES . . .

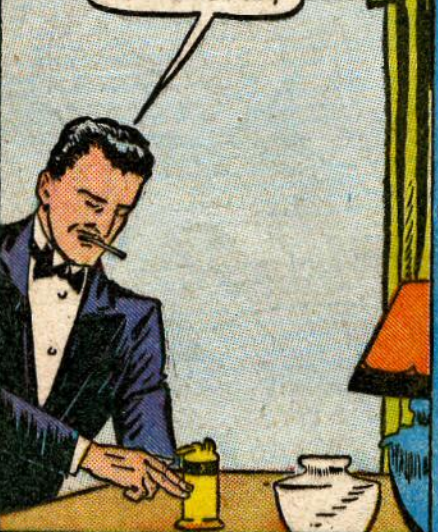
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM IN THE DRESS, JEAN-- ALMOST AS PRETTY AS YOU!

DON'T BE FUNNY, YOU'RE NOT CUT OUT FOR COMEDY. GET RID OF HIM-- HE'S ONLY EXCESS BAGGAGE!

DAT'S WHAT I SAY, JUST ONE SLUG!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'D DO WITHOUT ME?... HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN MISS HOWARD'S TEN GRAND?



**W**ITH AN INSCRUTABLE SMILE, THE LEADER GOES TO A PHONE IN THE HALLWAY, AND DIALS MARY'S NUMBER!

HELLO, MISS HOWARD. THIS IS JOE.. WE'VE GOT SUB-ZERO. HE'S NOT MUCH OF AN ACTRESS?... IF YOU WANT TO SEE HIM AGAIN, YOU'D BETTER SEE ME! I'M ON MY WAY. DON'T TIP THE COPS!

WHAT! WELL... I'LL SEE YOU..



IT'S ALL ARRANGED... LET'S GO.. YOU STAY, COKEY... AND IF YOU DON'T HEAR FROM ME IN AN HOUR, YOU CAN LET HIM HAVE THAT SLUG!

MARY HOWARD ISN'T THE FIRST ONE WE'VE TAKEN DOUGH FROM, AND SHE WON'T BE THE LAST!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT, REVELL!

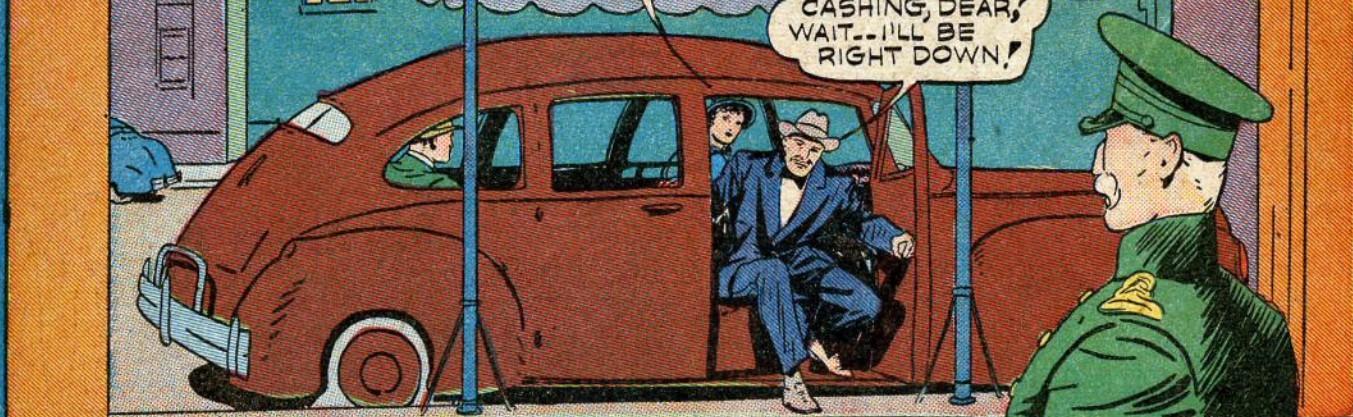




**L**ATER... THE MOB'S CAR PULLS UP IN FRONT OF MARY'S HOME...

SHE PROBABLY HASN'T GOT THE DOUGH IN THE HOUSE... SO TELL HER TO BRING A CHECK. I CAN CASH IT TOMORROW!

I'LL DO THE CASHING, DEAR, WAIT--I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!



**R**EVELL ENTERS THE HOUSE, RINGS THE BELL OF MARY'S APARTMENT.

WHO ARE YOU?

A BUSINESS ASSOCIATE OF MISS HOWARD'S... I'VE GOT TO SEE HER ABOUT SOMETHING IMPORTANT.

THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF... HE'S FROM THE THEATER... I... I GUESS THEY'RE REVISING THE SCRIPT... I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, JOE!



**A** WHISPERED COMMAND FROM THE COOL GANGSTER AND MARY GETS A CHECK... THEN THEY LEAVE...

SURE YOU DON'T WANT A POLICE ESCORT?

GOODBYE... CHIEF... I'LL BE BACK... SHORTLY.

DON'T WORRY, CHIEF. SHE'LL BE QUITE SAFE... IN MY HANDS!



**T**HE BRAZEN MOBSTER'S RUSE WORKS... HE AND MARY GO DOWNSTAIRS...

AH! THE PRIMA DONNA HERSELF!

THIS IS JEAN... I BELIEVE YOU TWO HAVE MET BEFORE!

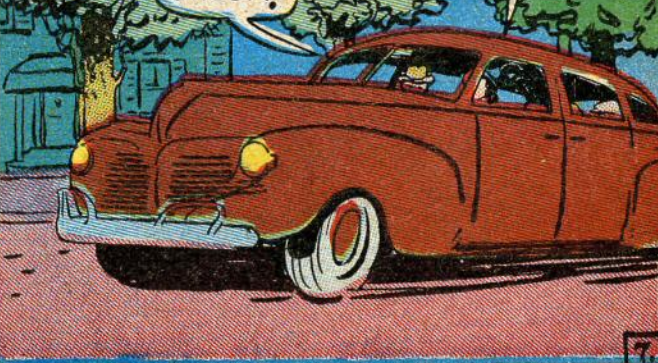
IF SUB-ZERO WASN'T IN DANGER, I'D PULL EVERY HAIR OUT OF HER HEAD!



**W**ITH MARY A PRISONER, THE GANG CAR SPEEDS TOWARD THE HIDEOUT...

WE'LL HOLD 'EM BOTH TILL I'VE CASHED THE CHECK!

OKAY, DARLING... BUT REMEMBER... BABY WANTS A FUR COAT!





MEANWHILE, SUB-ZERO STRIVES TO THINK OF A WAY OUT OF THE TRAP. . .

FREEZING THE GUN WOULD BE SUICIDE!



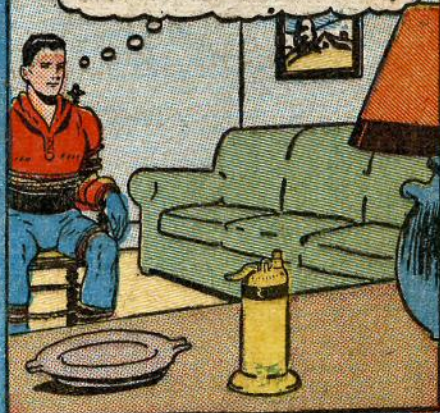
NOW IF I CAN MANEUVER COKEY IN FRONT OF ME. . .

NO TRICKS, THE DOCTOR SAYS I GOT A VERY NOVOUS TRIGGER FINGER!

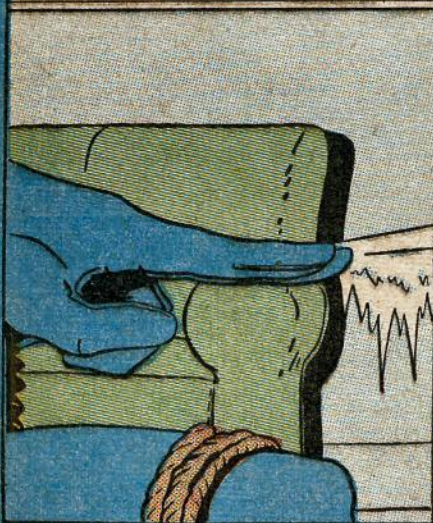


SUB-ZERO'S GLANCE ROVES. FALLS ON REVELL'S CIGARETTE LIGHTER. . .

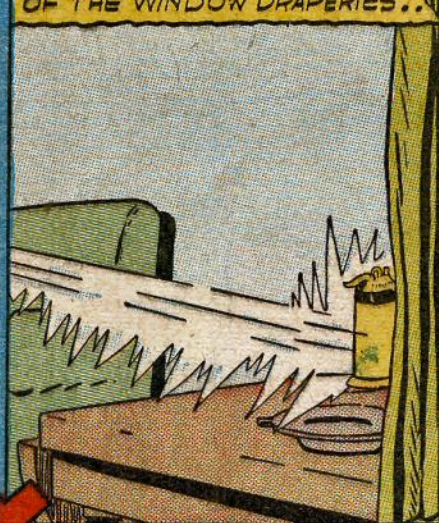
TRICKY LITTLE GADGET, MAYBE I CAN USE IT FOR A BETTER PURPOSE THAN LIGHTING CIGARETTES!



UNSEEN BY COKEY, ONE OF SUB-ZERO'S FINGERS MOVES AND FLICKS A COLD SHAFT. . .



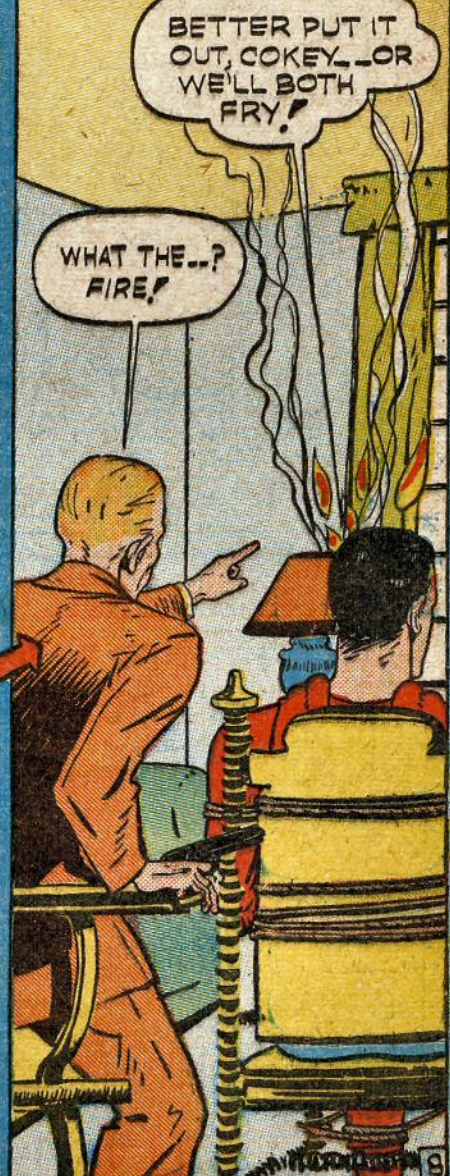
. . . THAT PUSHES THE LIGHTER BACK. . . BACK. . . UNTIL IT TOUCHES ONE OF THE WINDOW DRAPERIES. . .



THE FLAME SPREADS TO THE WINDOW DRAPERIES. . . COKEY LEAPS TO HIS FEET. . .

BETTER PUT IT OUT, COKEY. . . OR WE'LL BOTH FRY!

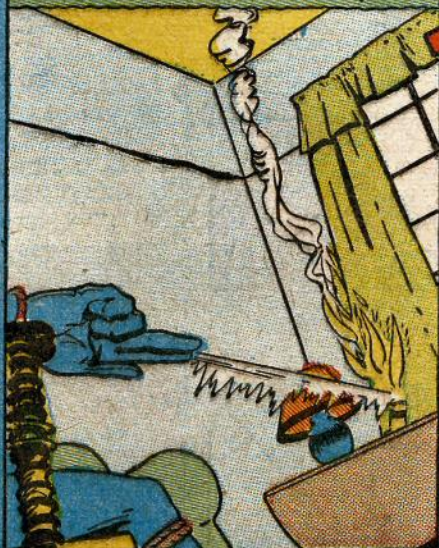
WHAT THE--? FIRE!



ICE FORMS ON THE TRIGGER OF THE LIGHTER. . . PRESSES IT DOWN. . .



GETTING THE TRIGGER THAW, SUB-ZERO AGAIN FREEZES IT. . . THE WICK FLAMES! . .





FORGETTING SUB-ZERO IN HIS FEAR OF FIRE, COKEY RUSHES TO EXTINGUISH THE BLAZE. . .



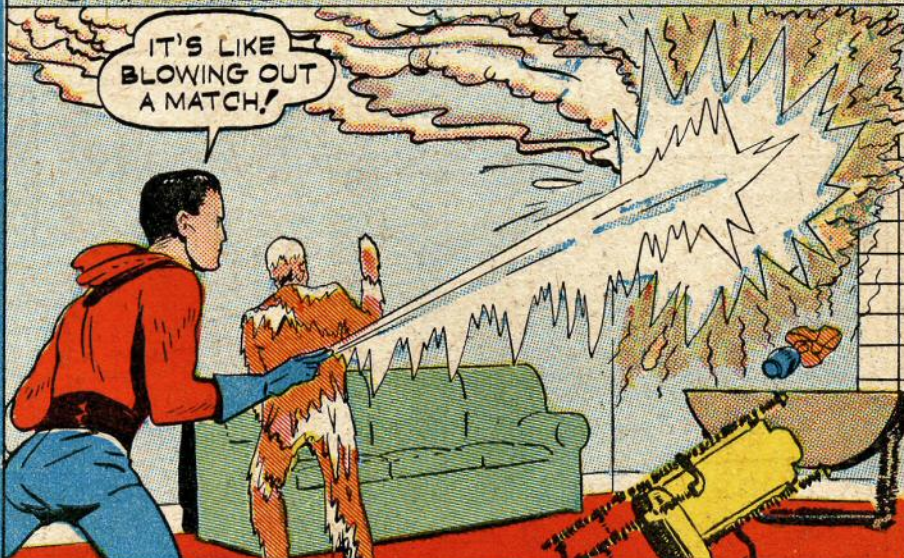
SUB-ZERO SPECIAL HALTS COKEY DEAD IN HIS TRACKS. .



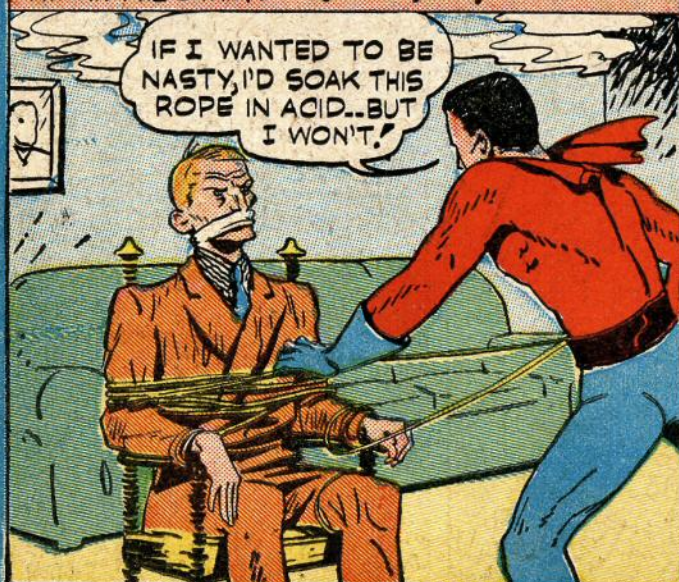
SUB-ZERO MANEUVERS THE CHAIR TO THE BLAZING WALL.. FLAME LICKS HIS BONDS. .



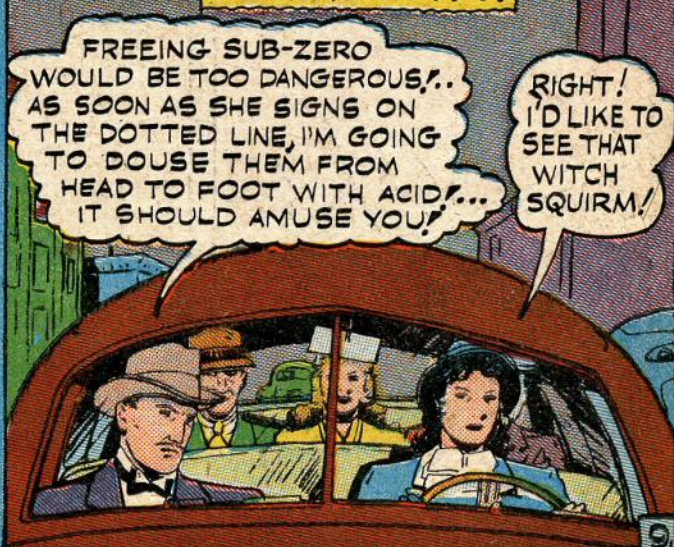
LEAPING FROM THE CHAIR, HE WHIRLS AND BLASTS THE FLAMING WALL. . .



ALLOWING COKEY TO THAW, SUB-ZERO TIES HIM IN THE CHAIR. .

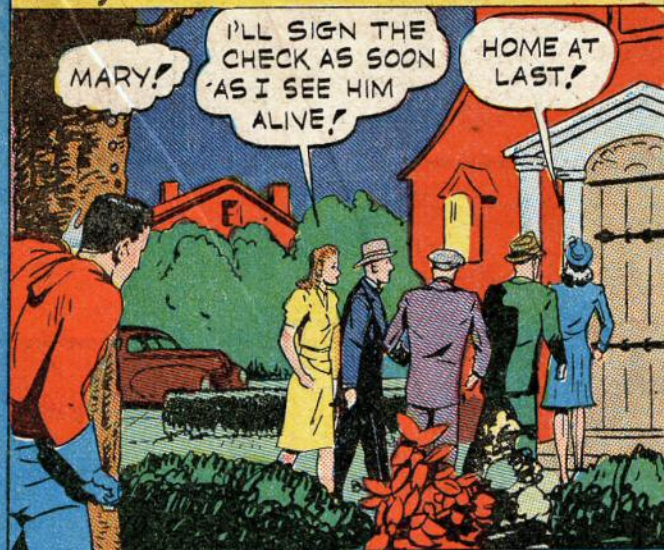


MEANWHILE, AS THE MOB CAR APPROACHES THE HIDEOUT...THERE IS A WHISPERED CONVERSATION. . .





THE CAR STOPS IN THE MANSION'S DRIVEWAY... ITS OCCUPANTS ALIGHT... FROM BEHIND A TREE, SUB-ZERO WATCHES...



WITH AN EFFORT, SUB-ZERO RESTRAINS HIMSELF...



SUB-ZERO CREATES A GALE OF COLD WIND... IT PUSHES REVELL INTO THE HOUSE...



AS REVELL WHIRLS TO RUSH OUT OF THE HOUSE, ANOTHER COLD BLAST SLAMS THE DOOR IN HIS FACE...



SUB-ZERO IMPRISONS THE MOB BY COVERING THE BUILDING WITH A THICK COAT OF ICE...



LATER, THE POLICE ARRIVE...



THE SUB-ZERO STORY IN NEXT MONTH'S **BLUE BOLT** IS COLD ICE COLD! **BRRRR!**

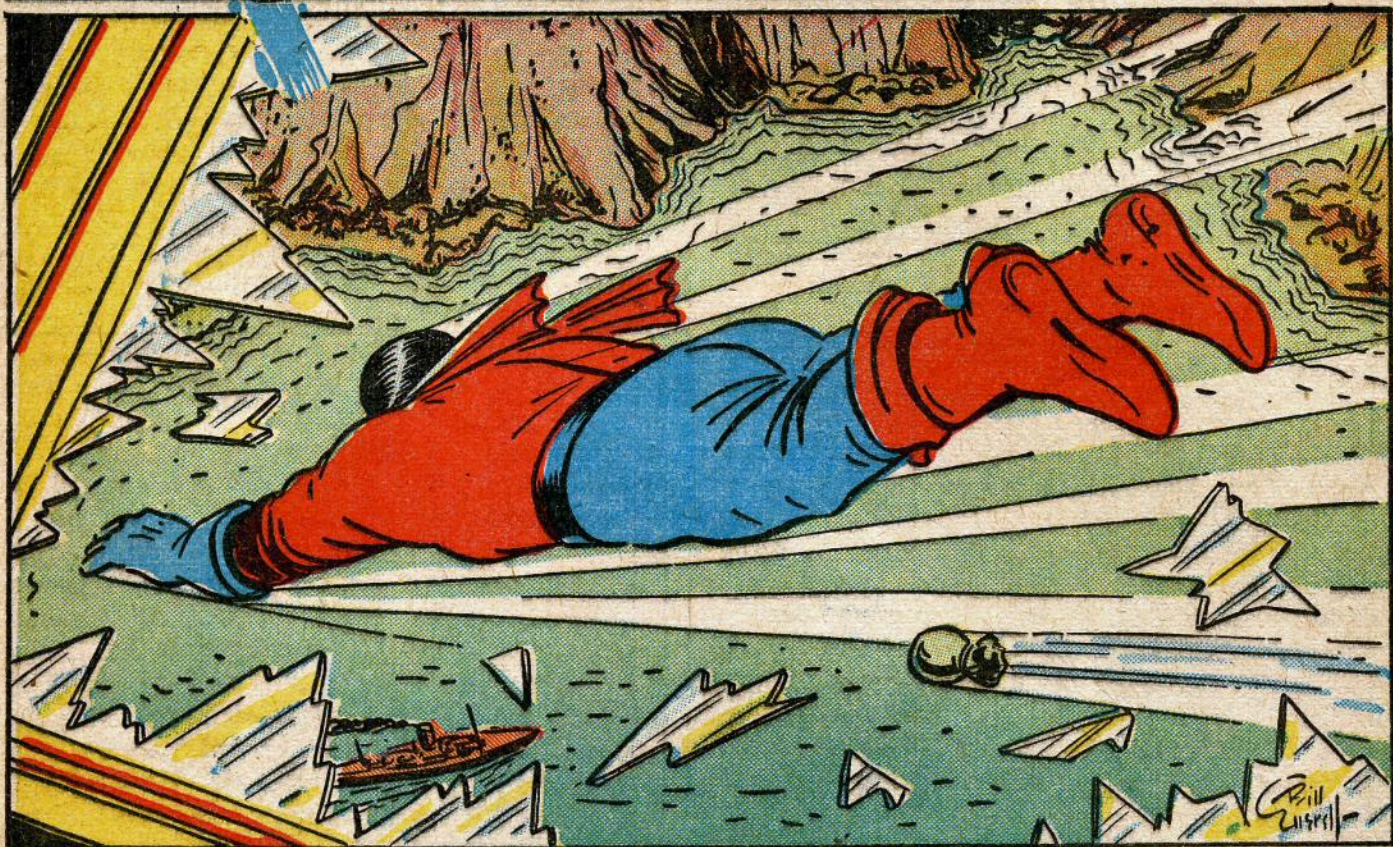


# FROZEN

# ICE

Sub-Zero side-stepped and dove through the window  
—down—down—to the waters of the bay below!

by  
Ray Gill



**"SUB-ZERO** I've come to ask your help!" exclaimed Don Largo, the owner of the Aura, one of the world's largest diamonds. "Last night, during a private exhibition of the Aura, the place was suddenly thrown into darkness — and when the lights were turned on again, the great Aura wasn't anywhere to be seen!"

"Hmmm, a million-dollar ice cube—stolen—to be located and regained by Sub-Zero!" The Man of Ice laughed to himself at the strange parallel. He thought of the many rare and famous diamonds—each one with its history of discovery, adventure, and violence—the Great Mogul, the Orloff diamond and the

amazing Koh-i-nor.

"We intended to cleave the Aura today," Don Largo continued. "Now I'm afraid we shall never see it again!" He was plainly affected by the great loss.

"Won't the stone turn up somewhere?" asked Sub-Zero. "The thieves will try to dispose of it, or sell it. Don't you think?"

"Not this thief!" replied Don Largo. "He has a purpose for large fortunes in small sizes—over a million dollars in a small cube. . . ."

"Oh! So you know who stole it, then, Don Largo?" asked Sub-Zero. "That will make the recov-

ery of the gem much easier. Tell me, whom do you suspect?"

"At the private showing," replied Don Largo, "there was a certain man who was altogether too interested in the Aura, and the only one who would have the nerve to steal it. . . . It's a chap named Drexel Pierce—"

"Do you mean the international adventurer and trouble maker?" interrupted Sub-Zero. "I didn't know he went in for diamonds, and robbery!"

"The very same man, Sub-Zero," answered Don Largo. "His interest is not in diamonds, or in thievery, you know that. It's cre-

**A "Sub-Zero" Adventure**



ating revolutions—out of which he amasses fortunes . . . A little private investigation will tell where the next revolution is likely to break out, and there you will find Drexel Pierce—in the background, of course.”

“Oh, I see it now!” said Sub-Zero. “He needs money to finance another one of those ‘phony’ revolutions. But he can’t take money out of this country on account of the Government’s restrictions . . . So, he takes a diamond, because it’s easy to carry, to hide and to smuggle through!”

“That’s correct, Sub-Zero,” answered Don Largo. “The trail leads to the scene of the next revolution—wherever that is to be.”

“Well,” said Sub-Zero, “I’ll trail this master-mind and the diamond. Don’t worry, Don Largo!”

**SUB-ZERO’S** undercover agents disclosed to him that Drexel Pierce, under an assumed name, was leaving on a fast plane bound for a southern country. Though the plane’s passenger list was crowded, Sub-Zero managed to secure a seat. Luckily it was alongside of Drexel Pierce, who, of course, didn’t know Sub-Zero.

As a bird lifts to the flight, the great plane took off after the check-off, and for a few moments, the passengers enjoyed the view of the coast line and the blue-green of the flawless sea, below. . . .

The first hop would take but a few hours, and Sub-Zero wished to get his business over quickly . . . while still within range of the good old U.S.A.

He tried several times to strike up a conversation with his neighbor, but Drexel Pierce remained silent, and cold.

Sub-Zero caught the first view of the great islands of the Caribbean, as they hove into sight. He knew that another hour’s flight would bring the ship to its first landing, and that the unpredictable Drexel Pierce might decide to jump-ship as soon as he could,

particularly if he were suspicious of one or more of his fellow passengers.

Sub-Zero determined to keep him in his seat at all costs until the location of the diamond could be determined.

Conversation having proved unwelcome, some more forceful way had to be found. Just then the hostess passed down the aisle of the ship, telling everyone to buckle on their belts preparatory to landing.

Sub-Zero’s finger just brushed the metal hook on his neighbor’s belt long enough to “freeze” the metal, so that it became as brittle as glass. The ship went into a fairly steep dive, the pilot making the best of a tight landing basin sprawled between high mountains—Drexel Pierce’s belt parted and he pitched forward, and as he scrambled to regain his balance, Sub-Zero picked up the leather brief case that had fallen to the floor of the plane. But, Drexel Pierce had been in tight places before. He saw that Sub-Zero had his brief case, and he became desperate.

Drexel Pierce was a man of instant action—and he lunged at Sub-Zero, who side-stepped and dove through the window and down—down—down, into the bay, below!

The hostess and the steward rushed toward Pierce.

“Did you say someone robbed you, sir?” they asked excitedly.

“Did I say that?” parried Pierce. . . . “It must have been the excitement . . . I’m sorry! That man beside me, who just jumped out of the window, must have been mad! . . . I——” Pierce knew that he couldn’t say anything about the diamond; that he didn’t have the diamond on him any more, that it wasn’t in the brief case, and that the brief case “robber” didn’t have it either!

For, Drexel Pierce, in the split second that it took him to realize that he was in trouble, had actually transferred the diamond to his hand the instant he lurched forward . . . but unfor-

tunately, in the scuffle and excitement, the diamond, in its leather pouch, had accidentally been catapulted right out of his stiff, frozen fingers, through the window through which Sub-Zero had made his dive.

At that very second, it was probably “hitting” the water along with Sub-Zero. Necks craned as several, including Pierce, tried to see what was happening below, in the bay.

“Gone . . . a million dollars gone . . . and a revolution . . . Confound it!” muttered Drexel Pierce, remarkably cool and calm in a situation that would have broken a man of smaller calibre.

As Sub-Zero hit the water of the bay, something “smacked” its surface beside him. It caught the eye of Sub-Zero and appeared to be a small leather pouch.

Like lightning Sub-Zero realized that this pouch-like article was the container for the much sought diamond, and he thought that it had in some way escaped from the brief case that he had carried with him as he dove. With the swiftness of a shark, Sub-Zero flashed his arm through the water directly beneath the sinking pouch, while a blast from his cold fingers froze a ball of ice around it and imprisoned the million dollar diamond securely within it.

With the pouch tucked securely beneath one of his arms, Sub-Zero turned on his back and rose to the surface “Will Don Largo open his peepers when I hand him the account of this little swim, AND THE AURA?”

“Ice has many fine qualities, and not the least valuable among them, is its lightness which made it possible to float a million dollar diamond, which, if not recovered, might have floated a million dollar revolution!”





# EDISON BELL

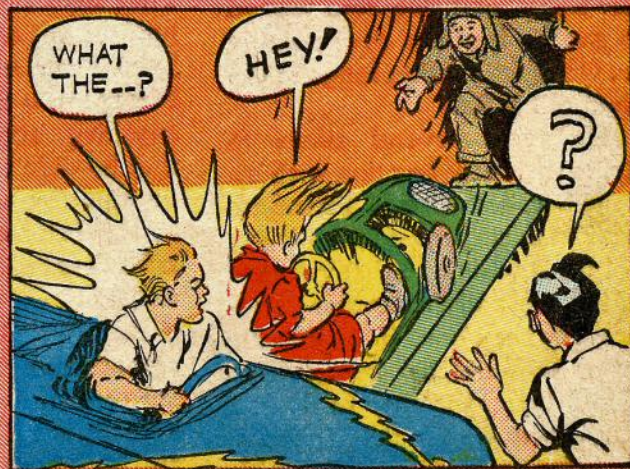
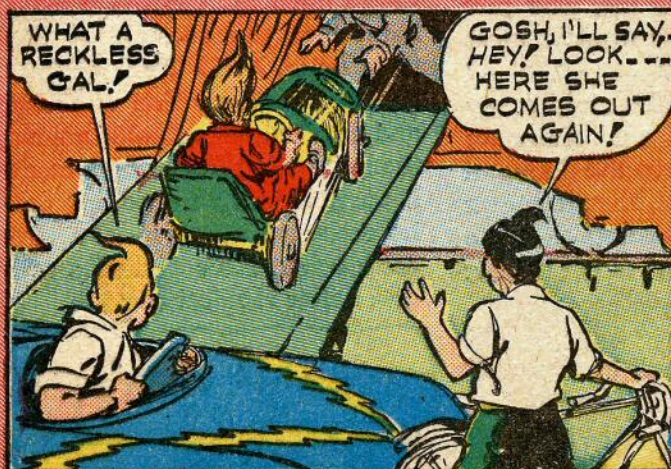
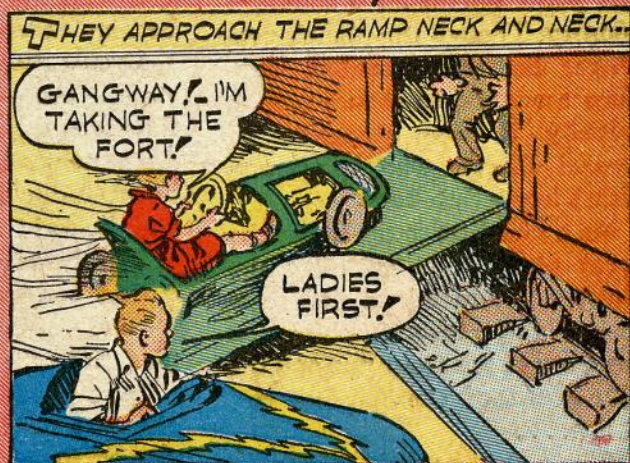
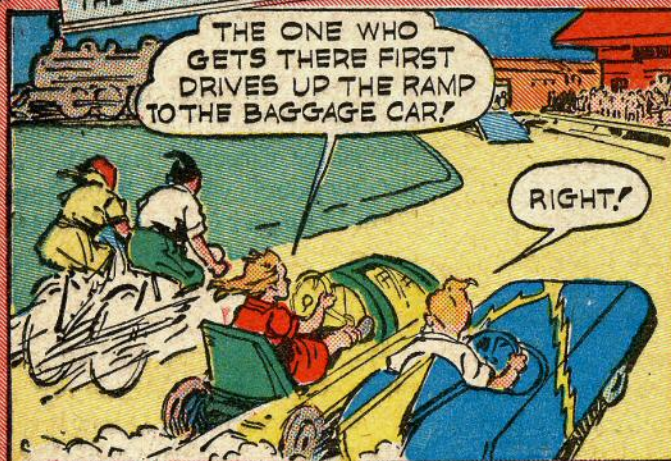
HOW ABOUT A RACE TO THE STATION?

OKAY! WATCH MY DUST!

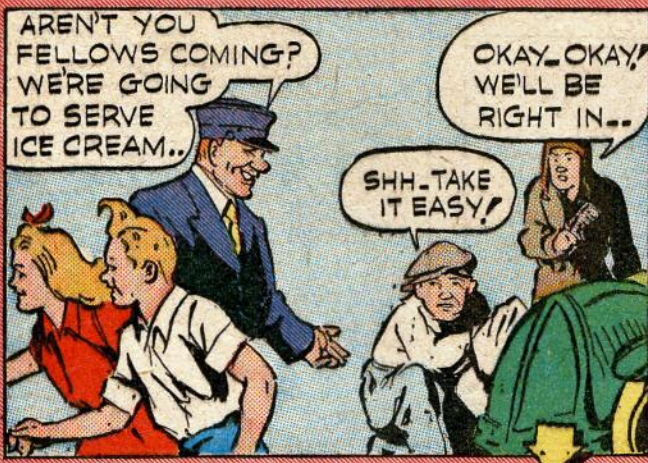
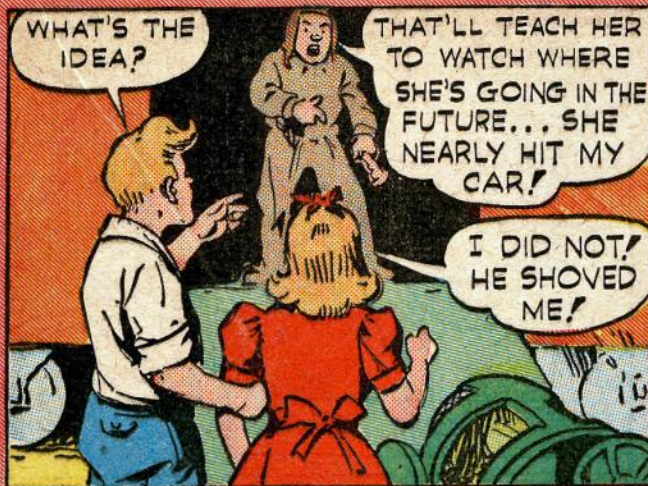
R.R. STATION

EDISON BELL AND HIS PAL JERRY HAVE WON, ALONG WITH TWO YOUNG LADIES, THE LOCAL MIDGET AUTO RACE. THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE RAILROAD STATION TO TAKE THE TRAIN TO THE CITY WHERE THE FINAL RACE WILL BE HELD. THE WINNERS GET ROUND TRIP TICKETS TO THE SOUTH SEAS WITH ALL EXPENSES PAID!

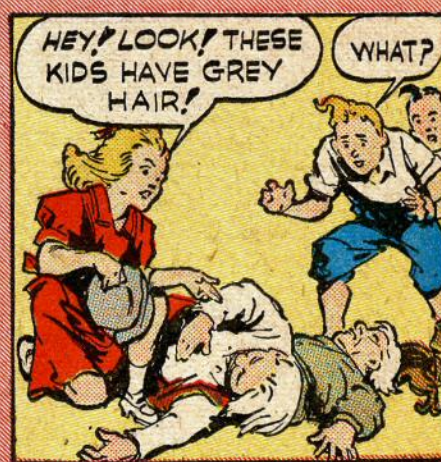
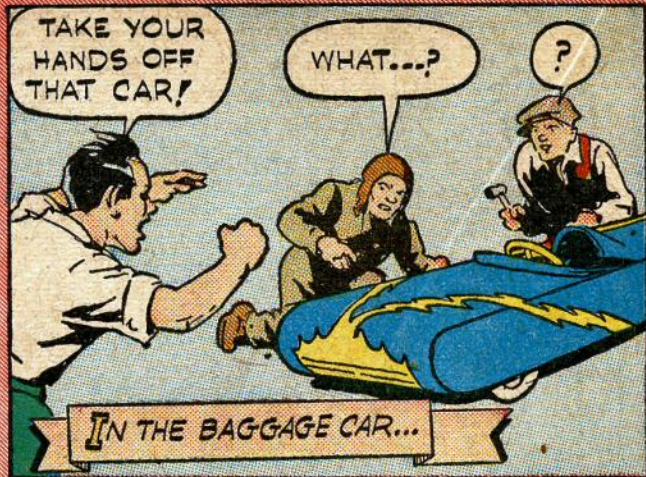
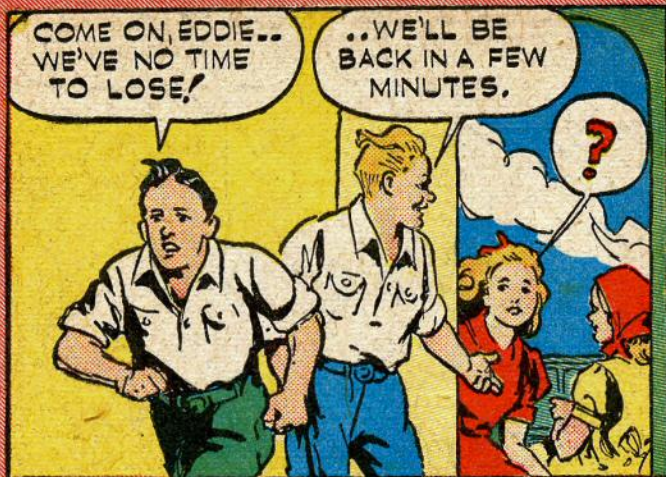
by RAY GILL AND HAROLD DELAY



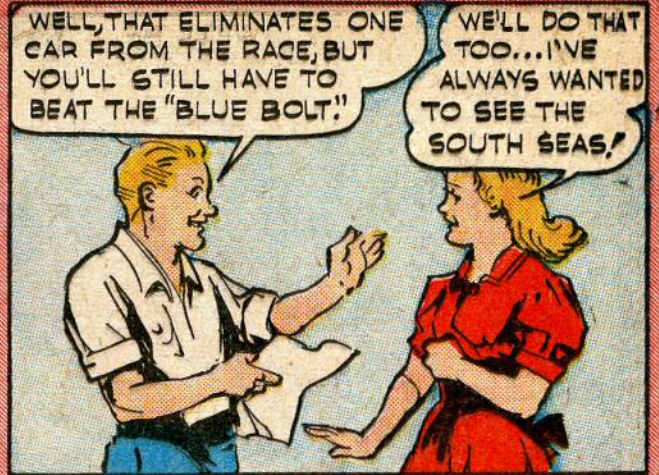
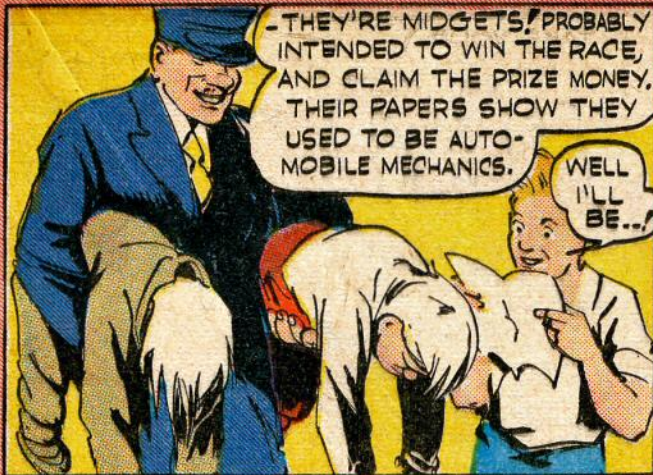










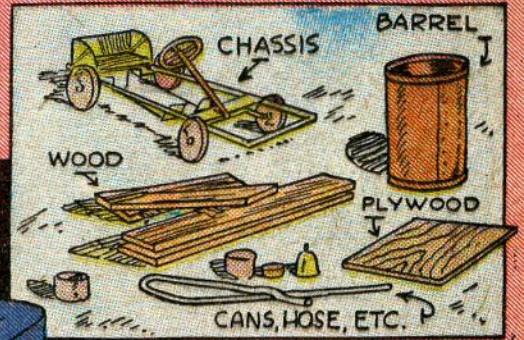


**EDISON  
BELL**

SHOWS  
HOW TO  
MAKE  
THIS  
SWELL

# LOCOMOTIVE!

ALL YOU NEED TO BUILD THE LOCOMOTIVE IS THE CHASSIS FROM AN OLD PEDAL-AUTO, AND A STRAIGHT SIDED BANANA BARREL FOR THE BOILER. THE FRAME IS MADE OF WHITE PINE, AND THE FRONT OF THE CAB OF PLYWOOD. ATTACH THE WOOD FRAME TO THE CHASSIS WITH BOLTS. THE FUNNEL IS MADE FROM A COFFEE CAN, WHILE THE HEADLIGHT IS MADE OUT OF AN OLD FISH CAN.



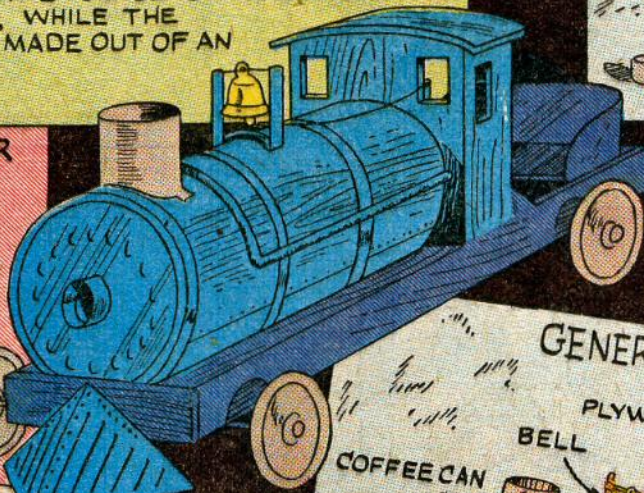
## COW-CATCHER



-- SIMPLY TWO PIECES OF PLYWOOD CUT AS SHOWN WITH LINES PAINTED ON.

## FUNNEL

CUT COFFEE CAN AS SHOWN ABOVE.



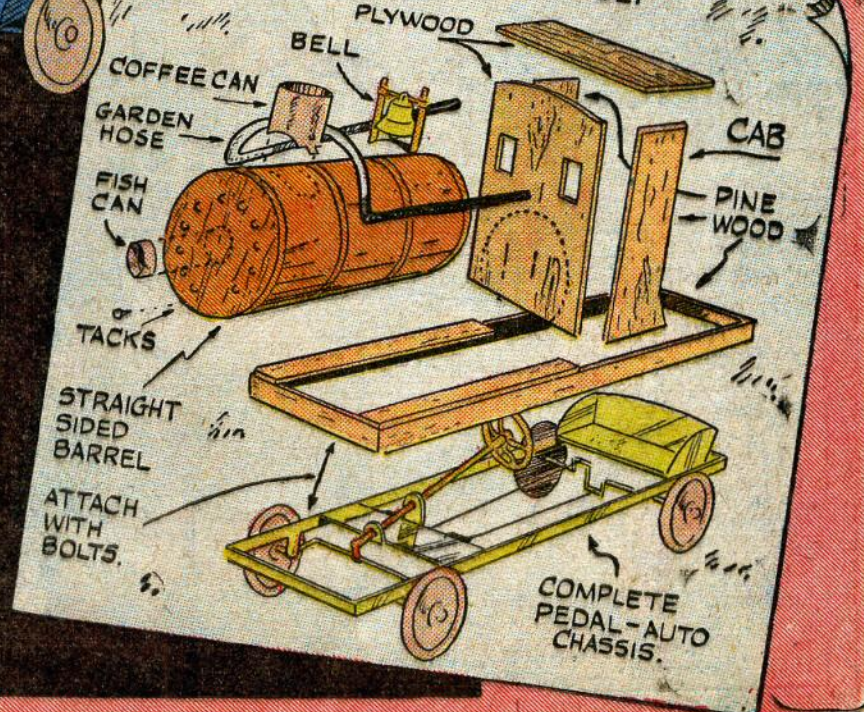
LOTS OF FUN ON DOWN HILL RUNS!



LOOK UP A STRING OF CARS, YOUR FRIENDS' WAGONS, AND HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE!

*Bill*

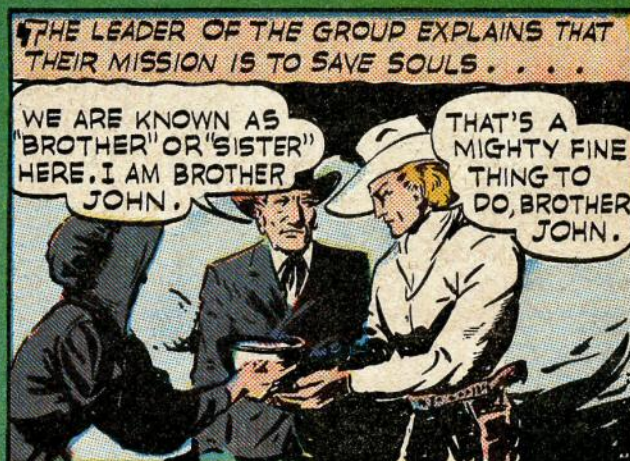
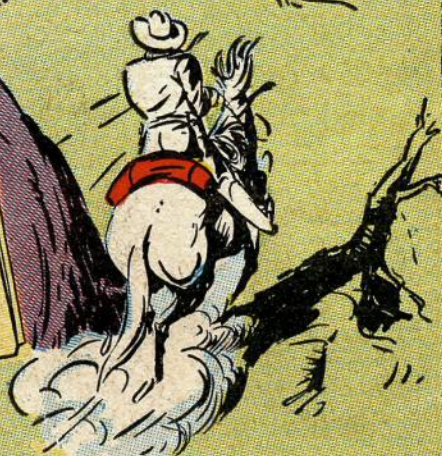
## GENERAL ASSEMBLY





# The WHITE RIDER and SUPER HORSE

RAISED IN A STRANGE HIDDEN VALLEY WHERE THE FORCES OF GRAVITY GAVE THEM SUPERNATURAL STRENGTH, THE WHITE RIDER AND HIS COMPANION, SUPERHORSE, HUNT DOWN THOSE WHO PREY ON HONEST MEN. . . IN THE EARLY TWILIGHT, THEIR TRAIL LEADS THEM TO A MEAGER CAMP. FIRE, AROUND WHICH HUDDLE FOUR BLACK-ROBED FORMS.







**BUT AS DARKNESS CLOAKS THE CAMP, DANGER HOVERS OVER THE SLEEPING RIDER!**



WHAT TH-P  
I'D BETTER  
PRETEND I'M  
STILL ASLEEP!

**BUT HIS ALERT SENSES WARN HIM...**

**HIS GUN IS TAKEN, THE WOMEN WHISPER**

HERE'S HIS GUN, TAKE  
THE BULLETS OUT.  
GOT THE BLANKS  
READY?

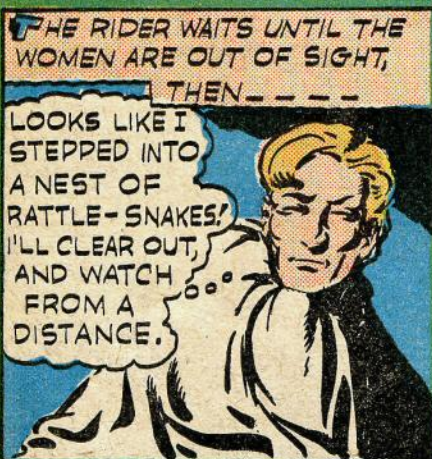


WAIT! DON'T KILL HIM  
NOW! PETE SAID TUH  
WAIT TILL MORNIN'!



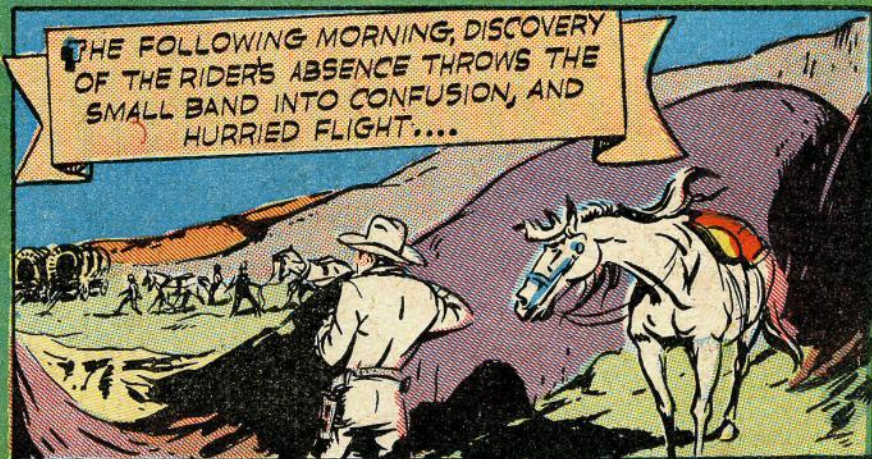
BUT IF  
HE GIT'S  
AWAY..

HE WON'T!  
HE'S SLEEPIN'  
TOO HEAVY.

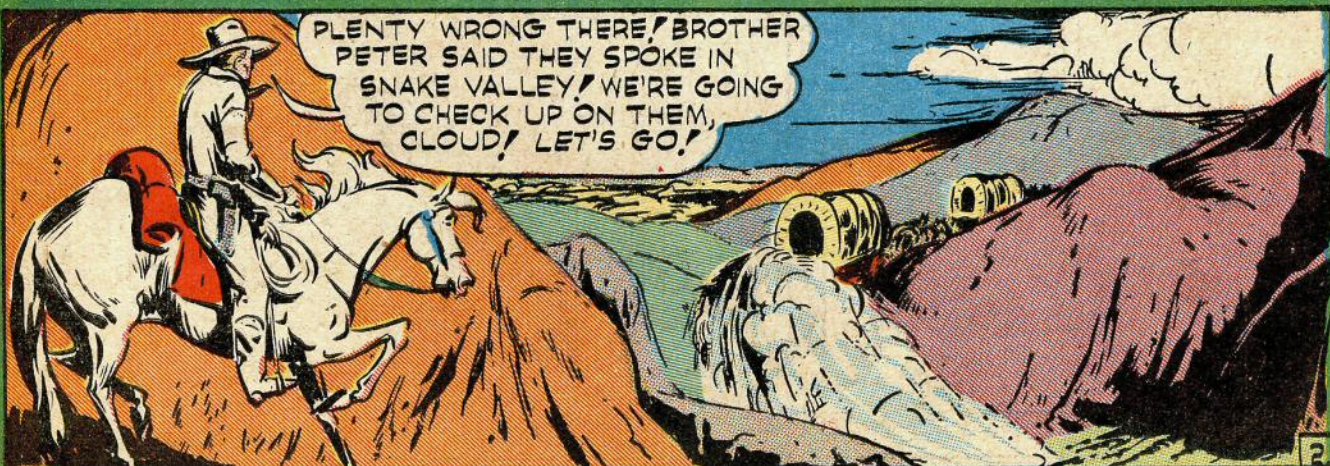


**THE RIDER WAITS UNTIL THE WOMEN ARE OUT OF SIGHT, THEN - - -**

LOOKS LIKE I  
STEPPED INTO  
A NEST OF  
RATTLE-SNAKES!  
I'LL CLEAR OUT,  
AND WATCH  
FROM A  
DISTANCE.



**THE FOLLOWING MORNING, DISCOVERY OF THE RIDER'S ABSENCE THROWS THE SMALL BAND INTO CONFUSION, AND HURRIED FLIGHT....**



PLENTY WRONG THERE, BROTHER  
PETER SAID THEY SPOKE IN  
SNAKE VALLEY! WE'RE GOING  
TO CHECK UP ON THEM,  
CLOUD! LET'S GO!



AT SNAKE VALLEY,  
EXCITEMENT RUNS  
RAMPANT.

HOW COULD THEY  
DISAPPEAR  
THAT WAY?

WE WAS OUT ALL  
NIGHT, AN' NOT A  
TRACE OF THEM  
CROOKS.

WITH ALL OUR  
BOOKS, AND  
SPARE CLOTHING  
IN THE WAGONS,  
TOO!



YOUR WAGONS  
WERE STOLEN?

YES! WHERE  
BE THEY?

IF YOU  
KNOW,  
STRANGER,  
LEAD US TO 'EM.

LAST I SAW, THEY  
WERE HEADED FOR  
PINON PASS.

ON YER  
HOSSES!  
COME  
ON!



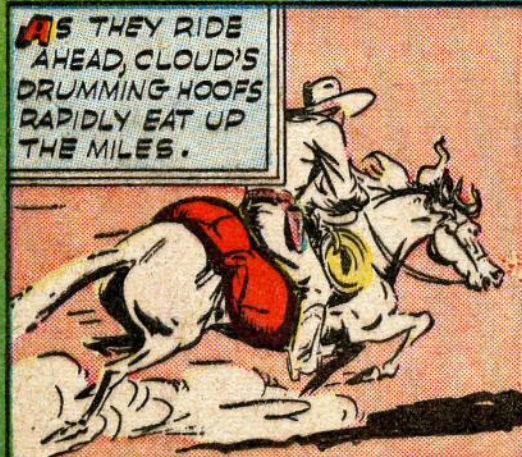
THE WHITE RIDER AND SUPERHORSE LEAD THE POSSE  
TOWARD PINON PASS, BUT THEIR SUPER-SPEED SOON  
THREATENS TO OUTDISTANCE THE OTHERS. . .

YOU GO AHEAD, STRANGER.  
GIT THAR SOON  
AS YOU CAN!

WARN THE  
PEOPLE!  
WE'LL FOLLOW  
YOU.



AS THEY RIDE  
AHEAD, CLOUD'S  
DRUMMING HOOF  
RAPIDLY EAT UP  
THE MILES.



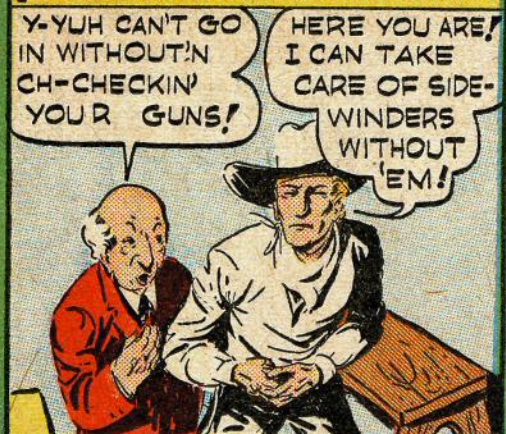
THEY'RE STILL HERE,  
CLOUD! WATCH  
OUT FOR THEM!



AND, AN HOUR  
BEFORE DUSK..



**THE RIDER ENTERS THE MEETING HOUSE.**



**AND SEES ONE OF THE IMPOSTERS RANTING...**



**WAIT! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY TO THESE PEOPLE!**



**AS THE MAN DRAWS HIS GUN, THE RIDER WHIRLS, AND...**



**THE OTHER FAKE EVANGELISTS HOLD THE CONGREGATION AT BAY....**



**BUT THE RIDER HAS OTHER IDEAS! TWO OF THE 'WOMEN' ARE UNMASKED IN THE FIGHT...AND TURN OUT TO BE MEN!**



**FINALLY THE SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS OVERCOMES THE RIDER...**



**GIT WHAT YUH CAN FROM THE SUCKERS!**



**THROW YORE MONEY IN MY HAT, PRONTO!**



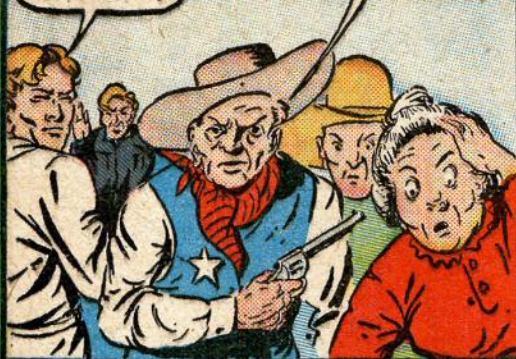






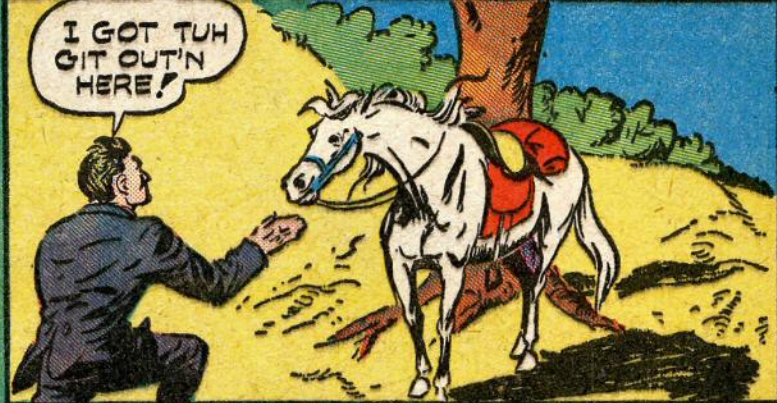
WE'LL GET HIM OUTSIDE! COME ON, SHERIFF!

THE DIRTY, ORNERY, LOW-DOWN CAYUSE!

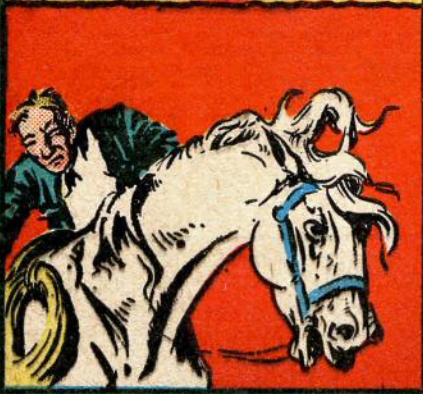


THE FRANTIC CROOK SEIZES THE FIRST HORSE HE SEES... SUPERHORSE!

I GOT TUH GIT OUT'N HERE!



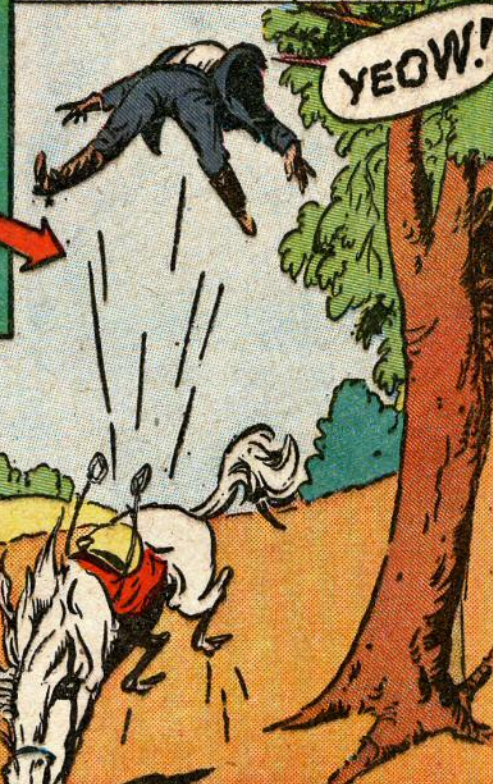
THE GREAT HORSE ALLOWS THE STRANGER TO MOUNT.



THEN... ONCE ON HIS BACK ---



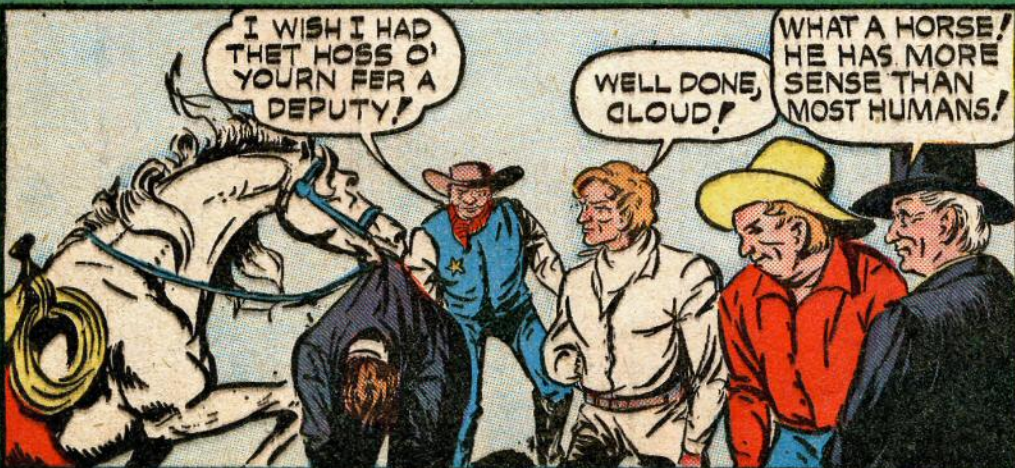
SUPERHORSE LEAPS WITH THE STRENGTH AND FORCE OF A STEEL SPRING... THE MAN HURTLES INTO THE AIR ---



AND CRASHES TO THE GROUND--UNCONSCIOUS!



THE GREAT HORSE DECIDES TO DELIVER HIS CAPTIVE IN PERSON.



I WISH I HAD THET HOSS O' YOURN FER A DEPUTY!

WELL DONE, CLOUD!

WHAT A HORSE! HE HAS MORE SENSE THAN MOST HUMANS!



**SUPERHORSE**  
ROARS INTO ACTION AGAIN  
NEXT MONTH IN  
**BLUE BOLT**

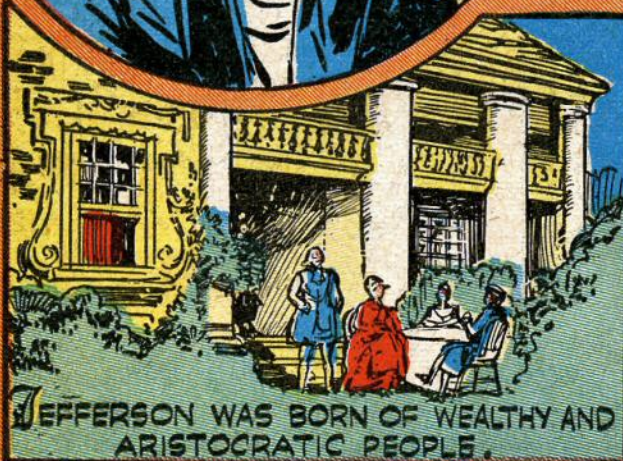
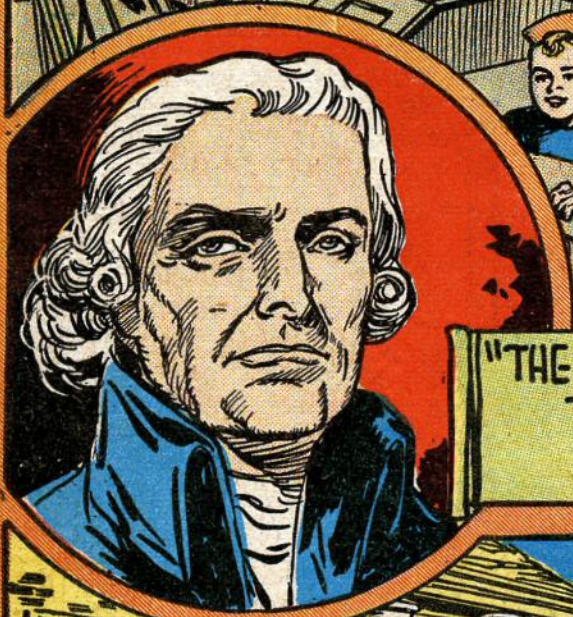


# OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES

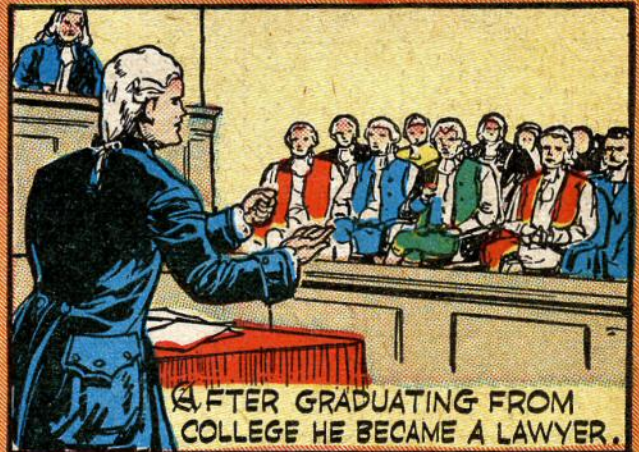
LITTLE JOEY LISTENS AS OLD CAP HAWKINS TELLS HIM STORIES OF AMERICA'S GREAT TRADITIONS, AND OF THE MEN WHO MADE THEM.

IN THE HOUR OF OUR NATION'S GREAT NEED, THOMAS JEFFERSON SAID - - -

"THE TREE OF LIBERTY MUST, FROM TIME TO TIME, BE WATERED BY THE BLOOD OF PATRIOTS AND TYRANTS!"



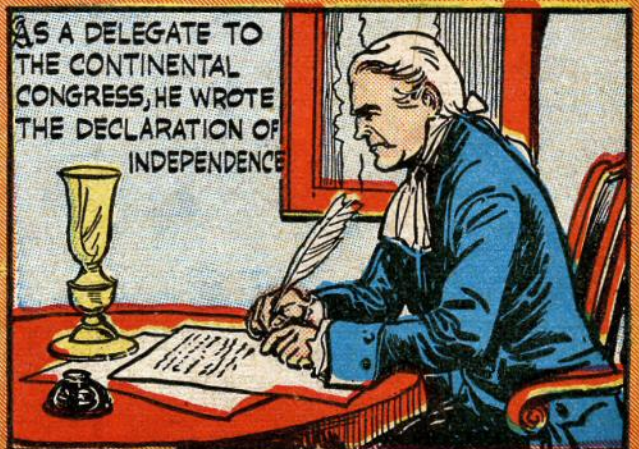
JEFFERSON WAS BORN OF WEALTHY AND ARISTOCRATIC PEOPLE.



AFTER GRADUATING FROM COLLEGE HE BECAME A LAWYER.



LATER, IN THE VIRGINIA HOUSE OF BURGESSSES, HE FOUGHT THE EXTENSION OF SLAVERY.



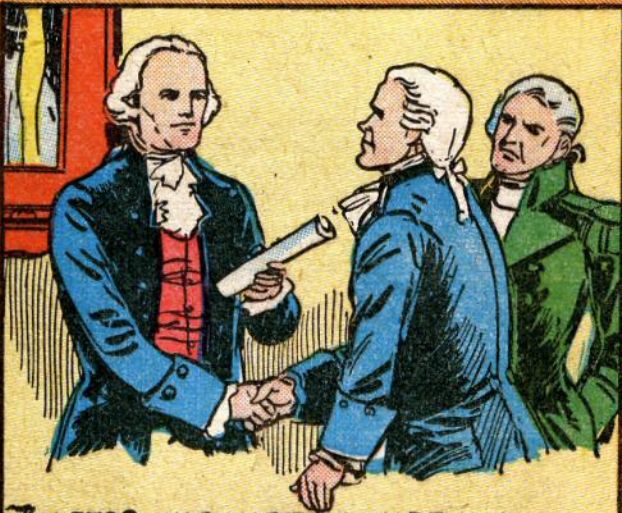
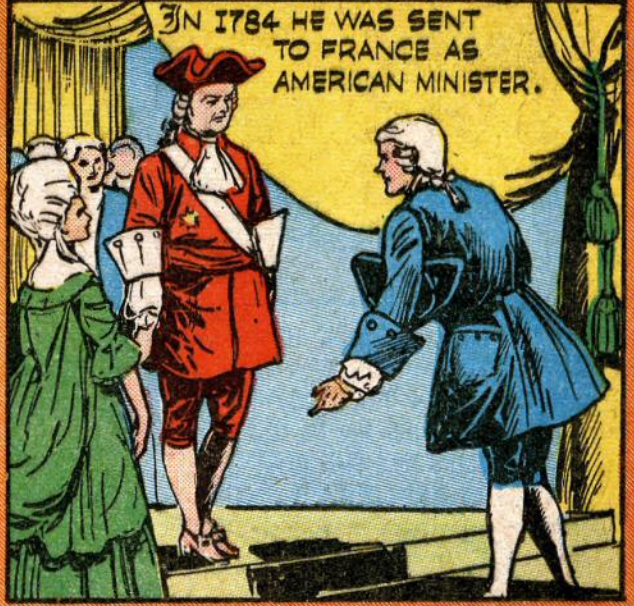
AS A DELEGATE TO THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, HE WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



DURING THE WAR FOR  
INDEPENDENCE, JEFFERSON  
WAS GOVERNOR  
OF VIRGINIA.



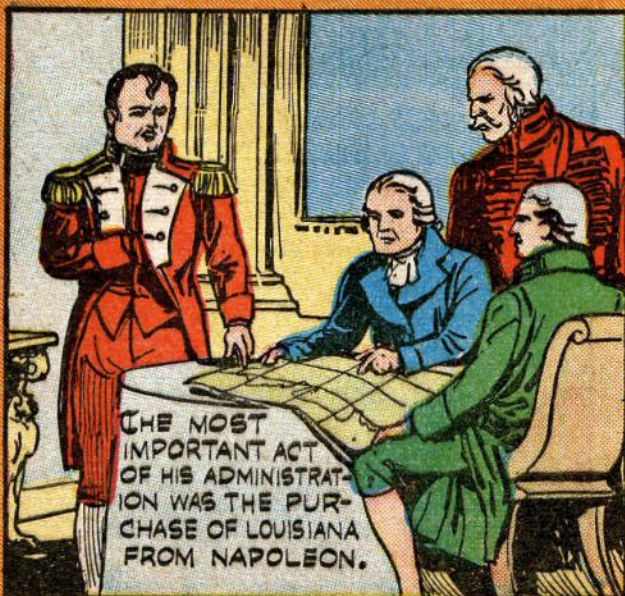
IN 1784 HE WAS SENT  
TO FRANCE AS  
AMERICAN MINISTER.



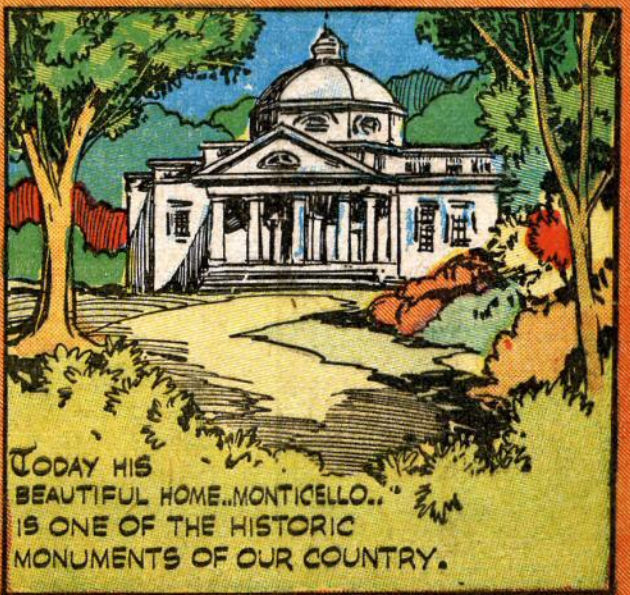
IN 1798 WASHINGTON MADE HIM  
SECRETARY OF STATE.



SELECTED PRESIDENT  
IN 1800, HE RODE  
ALONE TO THE  
CAPITOL, ASSUMING  
OFFICE QUIETLY  
AND WITHOUT  
POMP.



THE MOST  
IMPORTANT ACT  
OF HIS ADMINISTRATION  
WAS THE PURCHASE  
OF LOUISIANA  
FROM NAPOLEON.



TODAY HIS  
BEAUTIFUL HOME, MONTICELLO,  
IS ONE OF THE HISTORIC  
MONUMENTS OF OUR COUNTRY.



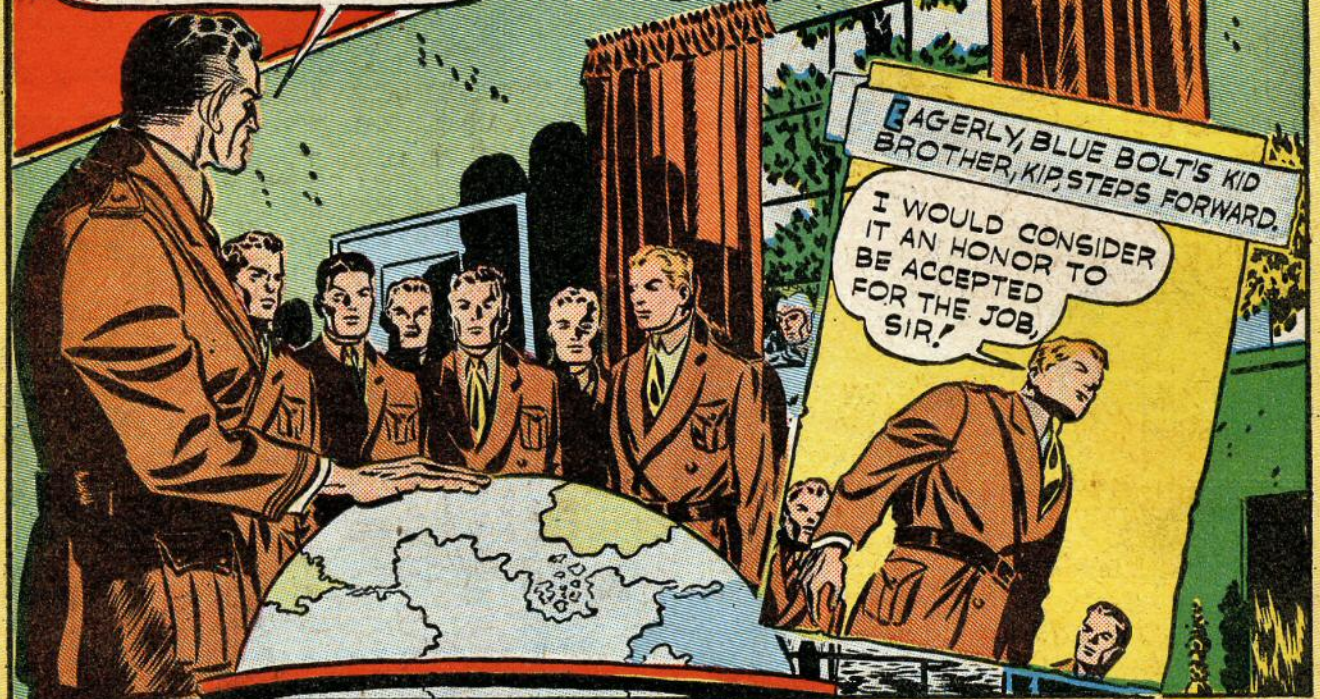
# BLUE BOLT

THE OBJECTIVE IS AN OIL DUMP...VITAL TO INVASION TACTICS.THE OFFICER WILL HAVE TO PARACHUTE TO THE GROUND WITH HIS EXPLOSIVE. NOW.."

AN R.A.F. POST...SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND. THE POST COMMANDER IS ASKING FOR A VOLUNTEER TO CARRY OUT AN IMPORTANT LAND RAID ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

EAGERLY, BLUE BOLT'S KID BROTHER, KIP, STEPS FORWARD.

I WOULD CONSIDER IT AN HONOR TO BE ACCEPTED FOR THE JOB, SIR!



IT MAY MEAN YOUR LIFE, YOUNGSTER. AT BEST, CAPTURE!

I'LL CHANCE IT, SIR. IS THERE ANY METHOD OF RETURNING?



YES, YOU WILL BE DROPPED BY A PILOT, NEAR THE OBJECTIVE. IF YOU SUCCEED IN ESCAPING AFTER THE EXPLOSION, GO NORTH ONE KILOMETER, THEN WEST TO A DESERTED SPOT ON THE COAST, WHERE A BOAT WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU. IS THAT CLEAR?



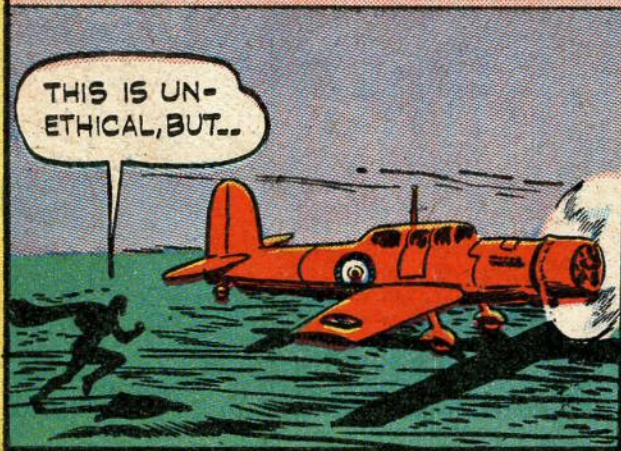
A SHORT TIME LATER, BLUE BOLT ANXIOUSLY WATCHES KIP PREPARING TO LEAVE ON HIS SUICIDAL MISSION.

LITTLE DEVIL! THIS IS BAD BUSINESS. I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO BE IN ON THIS!





AS THE PLANE TAKES OFF, BLUE BOLT RACES BESIDE IT IN THE SHADOWS.



AND AS THE PLANE LEAPS INTO THE AIR - - -



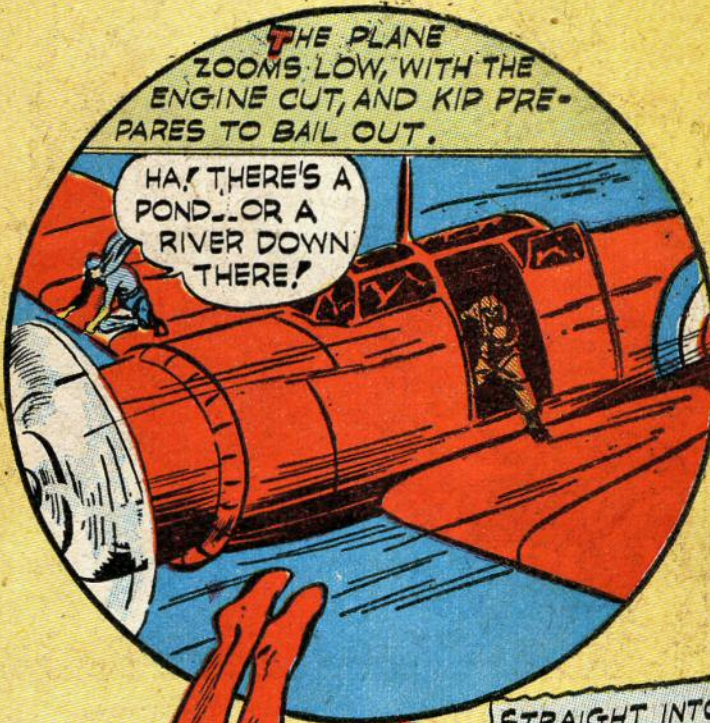
I'M ON OKAY, THE TRICK WILL BE TO GET OFF!



THE PLANE HEADS OUT OVER THE CHANNEL, AND SOON APPROACHES THE DARK ENEMY COAST.

THE PLANE ZOOMS LOW, WITH THE ENGINE CUT, AND KIP PREPARES TO BAIL OUT.

HA! THERE'S A POND...OR A RIVER DOWN THERE!

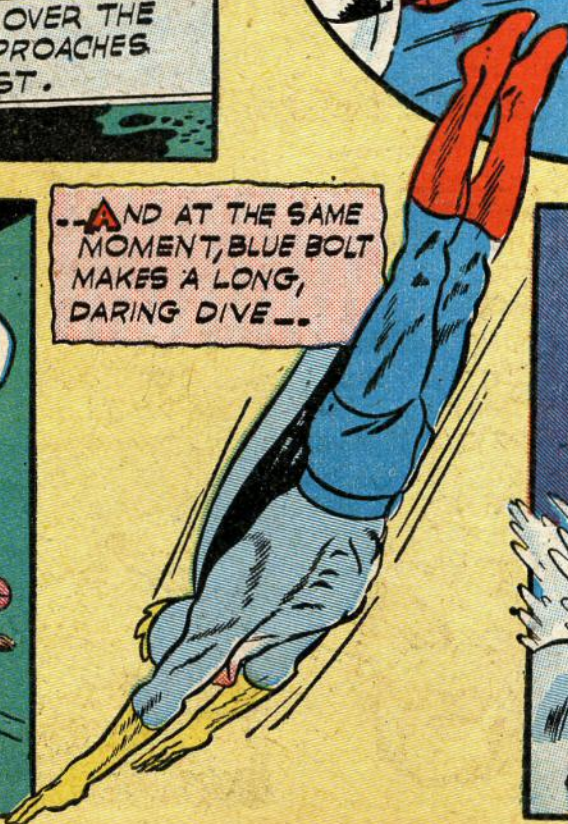


KIP LEAPS...

HERE GOES NOTHING!



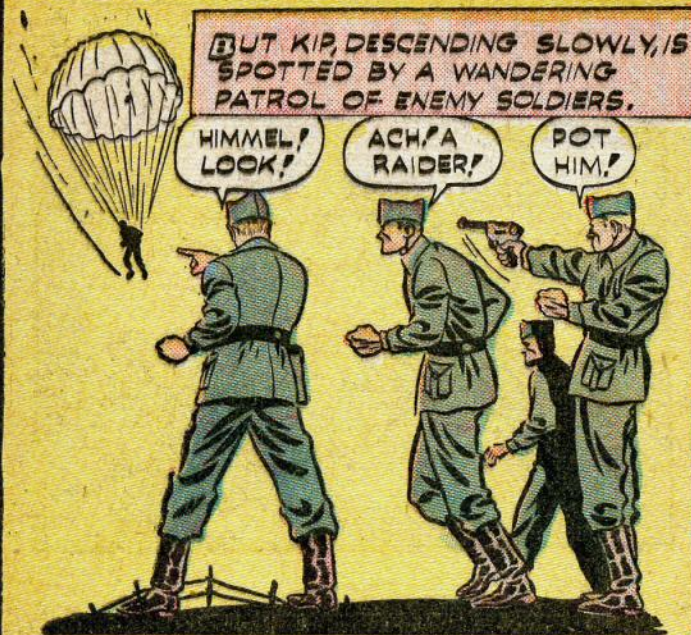
...AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, BLUE BOLT MAKES A LONG, DARING DIVE...



STRAIGHT INTO THE WATER BELOW HIM.







BUT KIP, DESCENDING SLOWLY, IS SPOTTED BY A WANDERING PATROL OF ENEMY SOLDIERS.

HIMMEL! LOOK!

ACH, A RAIDER!

POT HIM!



REACHING THE GROUND, KIP SHEDS HIS PARACHUTE.

WOW! A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!



THE PATROL CHARGES.

SPY DEVIL!

GET HIM!



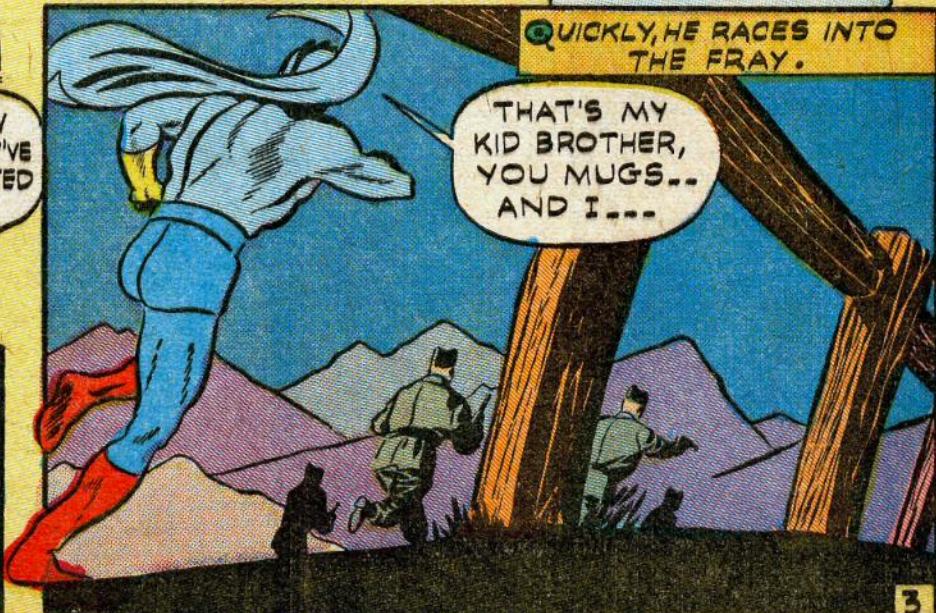
BOY! I HOPE ONE OF THEIR SLUGS DOESN'T HIT THIS T.N.T.

KIP ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.



BLUE BOLT HEARS THE FIRING.

I KNEW IT! THEY'VE SPOTTED HIM!



QUICKLY, HE RACES INTO THE FRAY.

THAT'S MY KID BROTHER, YOU MUGS... AND I...





--I DON'T  
WANT HIM  
KILLED?!

ACH!

HIMMEL!





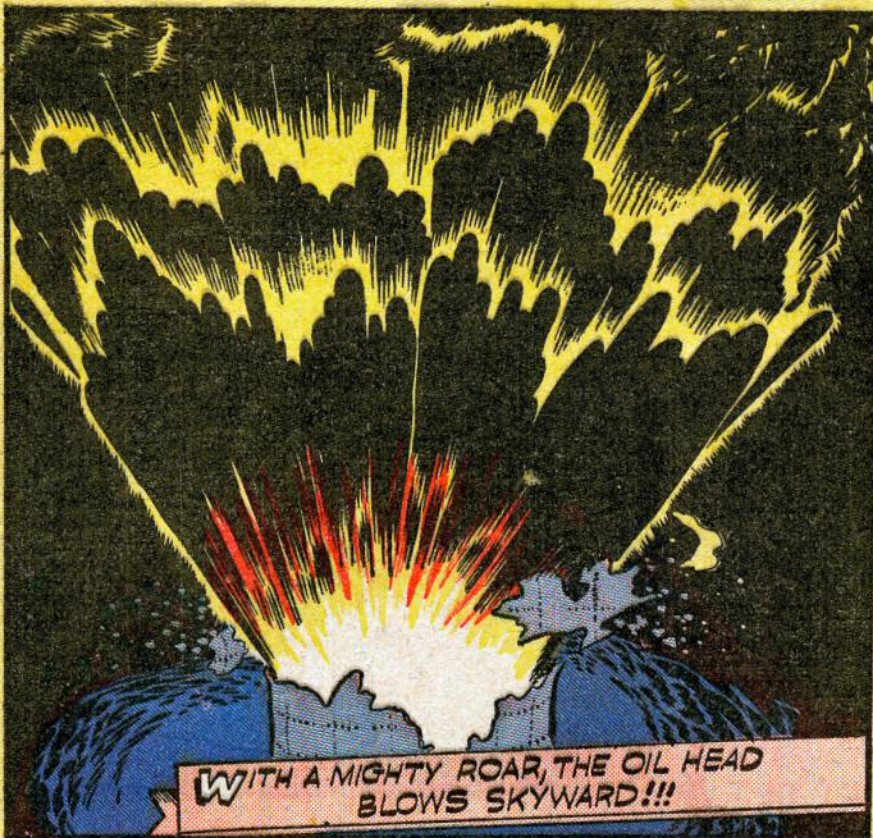
**A FEW SECONDS LATER.....**



**ATTA BOY, BLUE BOLT!**



**THERE YOU ARE, BOYS!**



**WITH A MIGHTY ROAR, THE OIL HEAD BLOWS SKYWARD!!!**

**THE CONCUSSION KNOCKS BLUE BOLT AND KIP FLYING!**



**AMAZED, STUNNED, THE NEARBY GARRISON POURS FROM THE BARRACKS....**



**RECOVERING, KIP AND BLUE BOLT START THEIR ESCAPE.**





**B**UT SUDDENLY, THEY FIND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED.

GIVE ME YOUR ARM, QUICK!

HUH? NOT SO GOOD!



**B**LUE BOLT'S QUICK MOVE GETS THEM INTO THE CLEAR.

WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!



**Q**UICKLY, THE LAUNCH SHOOTS OUT INTO THE CHANNEL.

WE NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU ALIVE!



**C**ALLING HIS SUPER POWERS INTO PLAY, BLUE BOLT GIVES A MIGHTY LEAP.



THE DEVILS!

KILL 'EM!

ACH!

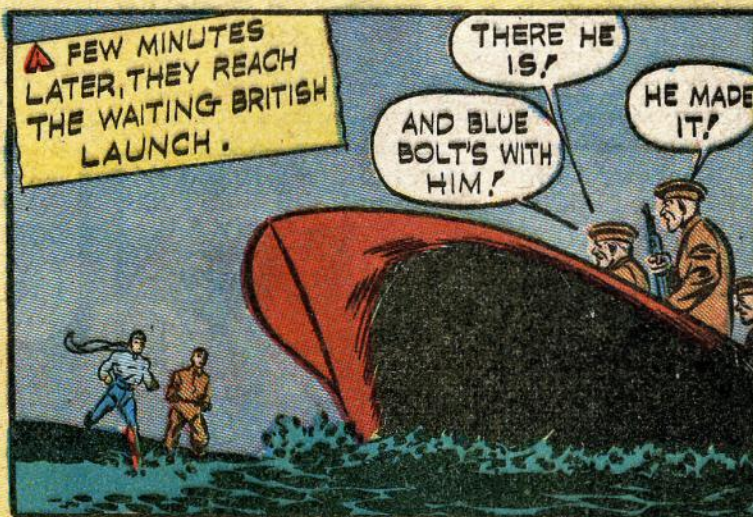


**A** FEW MINUTES LATER, THEY REACH THE WAITING BRITISH LAUNCH.

THERE HE IS!

AND BLUE BOLT'S WITH HIM!

HE MADE IT!



**A**ND A SHORT TIME LATER, THEY LAND IN GOOD OLD ENGLAND.

HURRAY! WELCOME HOME!

THANKS TO THIS MAN, BLUE BOLT, HEY... WHERE'D HE GO?



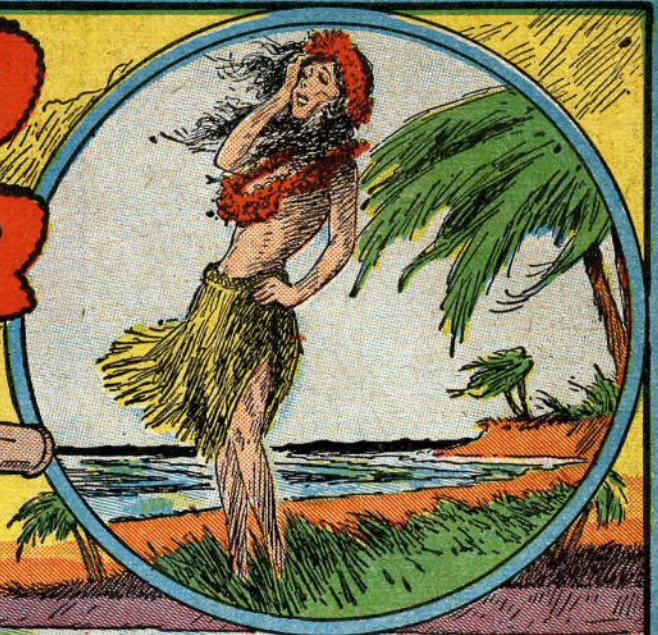
YES, HE'S GONE...AS THE BOAT NEARED SHORE, BLUE BOLT SLIPPED MODESTLY AWAY...BUT HE'LL BE BACK AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **BLUE BOLT**



# KRISKO and JASPER

YOU TAKE A LOOK  
AND TELL ME IF YOU  
SEE WHAT I SAW  
GULP!

HUH?



by JACIL A.  
WARREN

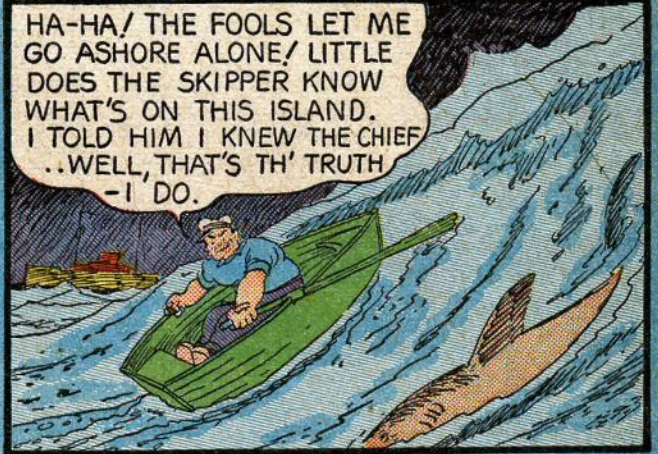
HEY, YOU! COME BACK HERE! OMIGOSH!  
NO ONE IS GOING  
ASHORE BUT  
THE FIRST  
MATE!

YES-BUT  
CAPTAIN, SIR,  
I-I...

AND SHE'S SUCH  
A PERTY GAL



HA-HA! THE FOOLS LET ME  
GO ASHORE ALONE! LITTLE  
DOES THE SKIPPER KNOW  
WHAT'S ON THIS ISLAND.  
I TOLD HIM I KNEW THE CHIEF  
..WELL, THAT'S TH' TRUTH  
-I DO.



I TELL YOU WE'VE  
GOTTA GET ASHORE  
ON ACCOUNT OF  
BECAUSE WE IS  
SMART FELLERS..  
AND THERE'S TROUBLE  
BEING HATCHED!

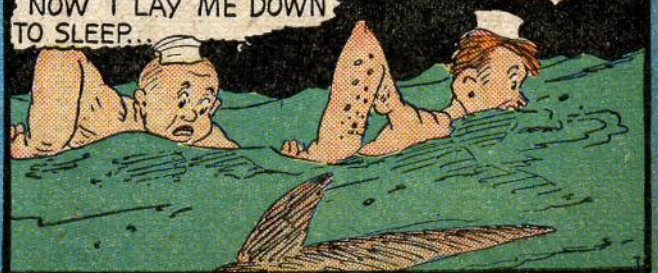
WELL / WHAT  
ARE WE WAITIN'  
FOR? COME ON-  
LET'S GO, WE CAN  
SWIM!



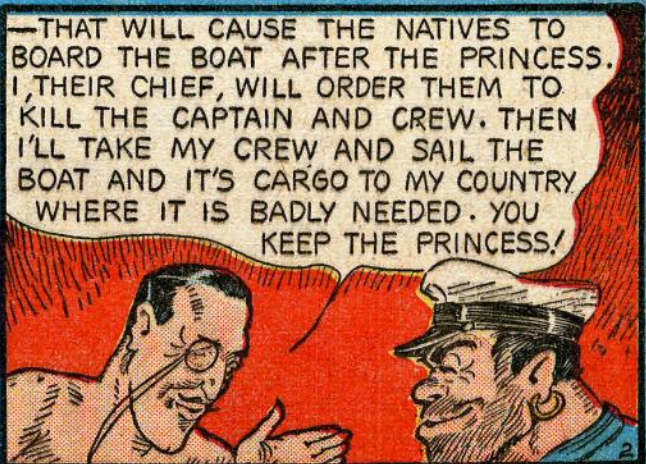
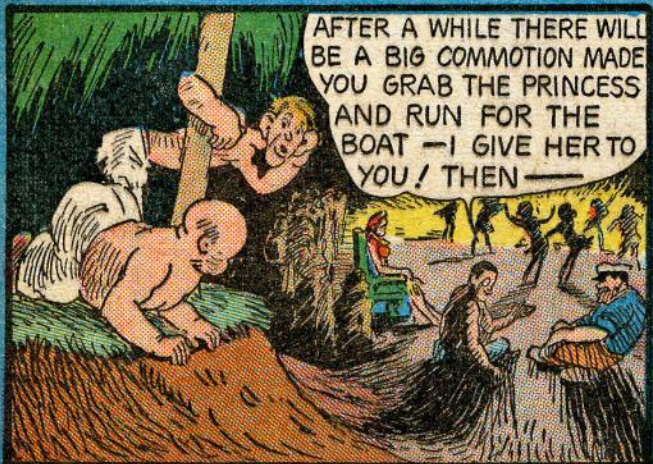
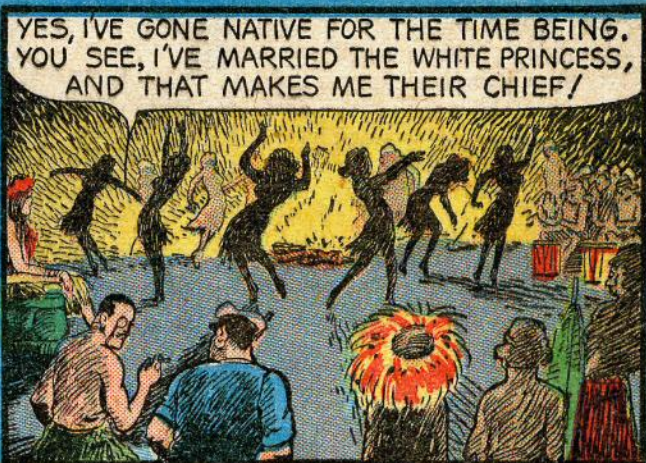
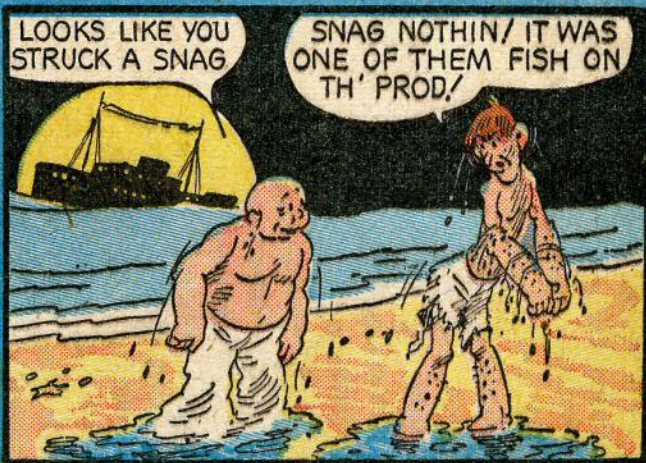
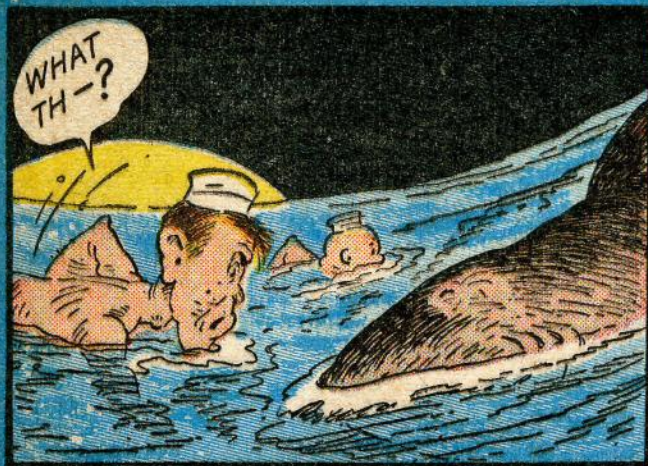
HEY, JASPER! I FORGOT-  
THESE WATERS IS PLUMB  
FULL OF MAN-EATIN'  
SHARKS! GULP-!!  
THERE'S ONE NOW!

O, COME ON-  
AND SAVE YOUR  
BREATH! THERE'S  
DAMSELS IN  
DISTRESS-  
I... BETCHA!

NOW I LAY ME DOWN  
TO SLEEP..









WE'VE GOTTA GET BACK  
TO THE BOAT AND  
TELL THE CAPTAIN  
HE'S ABOUT TO BE  
DRY GULCHED!

CRACK

YEAH, AND  
THEY'RE  
GOIN' ON  
TH' PROD-  
PRONTO!

CRACK

GRAB THE PRINCESS AND RUN  
FOR YOUR BOAT! I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF THESE SPIES!

COME ON,  
SISTER!

EEK!

SCRUNCH

THAT WAS A LUCKY BREAK  
FOR ME! HERE I GET THE  
PRINCESS, AND THOSE  
TWO WILL GET KILLED!

HELP!

O-O-O, JASPER, WE IS IN ONE MIGHTY  
DESPERT SPOT! GET READY TO HAND OUT  
YOUR MITTS PLUMB PERMISKUS!

THEY STOLE THE  
PRINCESS - GO  
GET THEM!

IF I EVER GET OUT OF  
THIS, HALF ALIVE, I'LL  
GO BACK TO  
PUNCHIN'  
CATTLE  
FOR LIFE!

CUT HIM DOWN!  
KILL THEM BOTH!  
THEY STOLE YOUR  
PRINCESS!

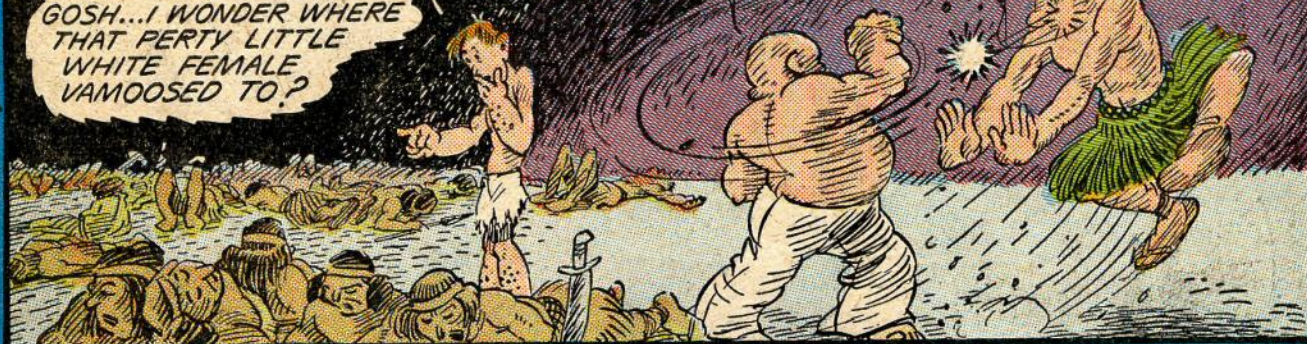
YIP-EE! I AIN'T HAD  
SO MUCH FUN SINCE  
KRISKO HAD TH'MEASLES.



25-26-30...HEY-KRISKO!  
THERE'S ONE MISSIN'—!

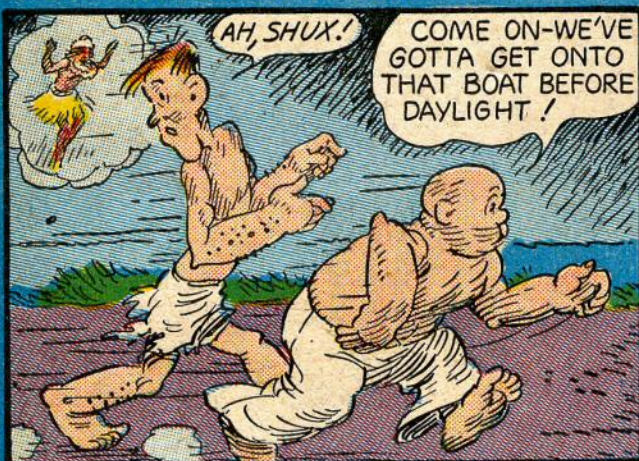
NEVER MIND THAT  
ONE—HE'S NOW  
ACCOUNTED FOR!

GOSH...I WONDER WHERE  
THAT PERTY LITTLE  
WHITE FEMALE  
VAMOOSSED TO?



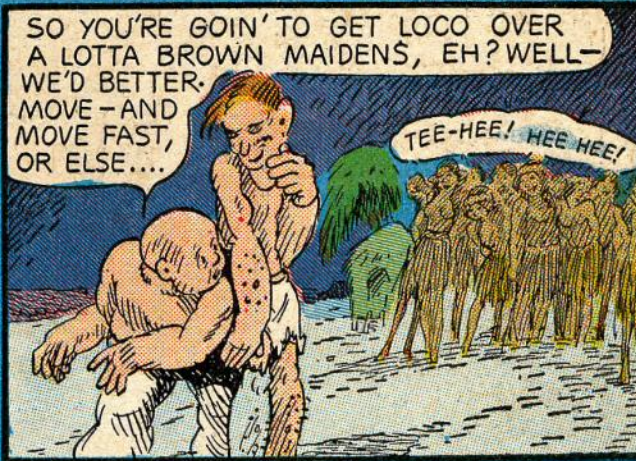
AH, SHUX!

COME ON—WE'VE  
GOTTA GET ONTO  
THAT BOAT BEFORE  
DAYLIGHT!



SO YOU'RE GOIN' TO GET LOCO OVER  
A LOTTA BROWN MAIDENS, EH? WELL—  
WE'D BETTER  
MOVE—AND  
MOVE FAST,  
OR ELSE....

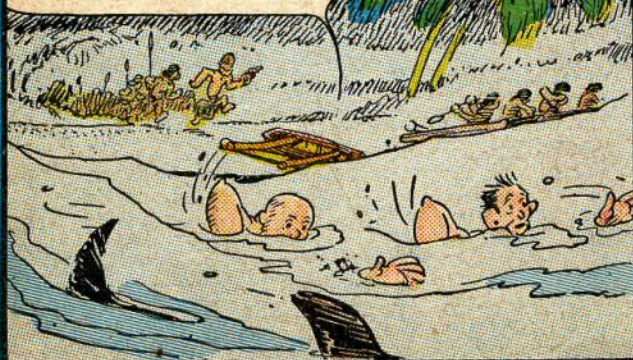
TEE-HEE! HEE HEE!



HEY, KRISKO!..COME ON!  
WE IS LEAVIN'  
HERE, MUY  
PRONTO!

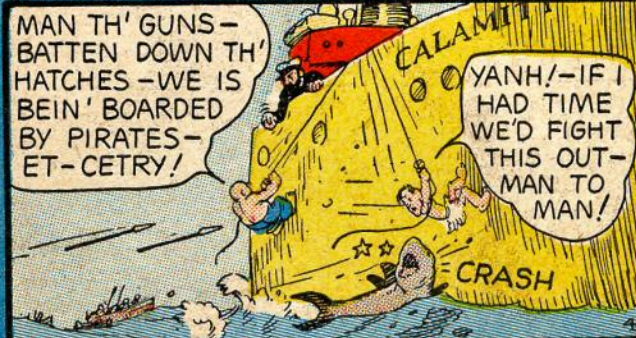


AHOY, CAPTAIN! TIGHTEN  
YOUR CINCHES, YOU IS  
RIDIN' A STAMPEDE!



MAN TH' GUNS—  
BATTEN DOWN TH'  
HATCHES—WE IS  
BEIN' BOARDED  
BY PIRATES—  
ET-CETRY!

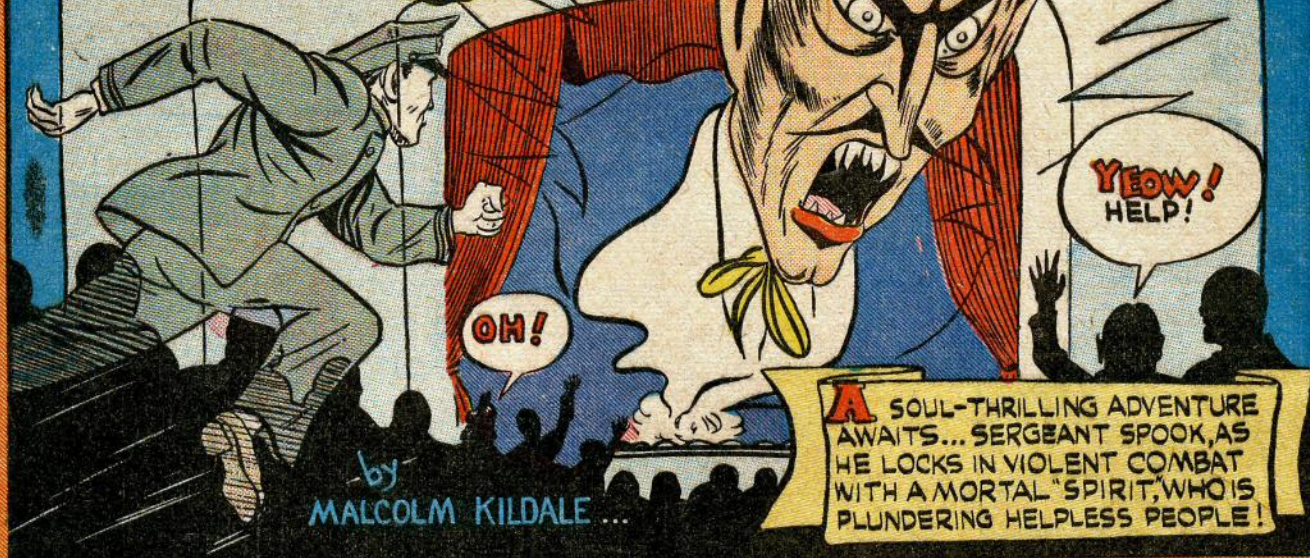
YANH!—IF I  
HAD TIME  
WE'D FIGHT  
THIS OUT-  
MAN TO  
MAN!



CAPTAIN, YOU ARE GOING TO GET A BIG  
SURPRISE—IN THE ....  
NEXT ISSUE OF **BLUE BOLT**



# Sergeant SPOOK



by  
MALCOLM KILDALE ...

**A** SOUL-THRILLING ADVENTURE AWAITS... SERGEANT SPOOK, AS HE LOCKS IN VIOLENT COMBAT WITH A MORTAL "SPIRIT," WHO IS PLUNDERING HELPLESS PEOPLE!

THROUGH PHANTOM CHANNELS, SERGEANT SPOOK HAS RECEIVED A NEWSPAPER FROM THE MORTAL WORLD...

WHAT IS THIS ABOUT A GHOST CROOK IN THE MORTAL WORLD?

HARD TO SAY! ALL THE CRIMINALS IN GHOST TOWN ARE ACCOUNTED FOR! THERE'S SOMETHING SINISTER ABOUT THIS!



I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE THIS RIGHT AWAY!

GOOD LUCK, SERGEANT! I'D GO WITH YOU, ONLY I HAVE A SPECIAL DUTY HERE!



SO, ONCE AGAIN SERGEANT SPOOK ENTERS THE MORTAL WORLD IN SEARCH OF A CLEVER CRIMINAL...

THIS IS PUZZLING! A REAL SPOOK... JUST LIKE MYSELF, ROBBING THE MORTAL WORLD?!



Suddenly... AN EERIE SPECTACLE PRESENTS ITSELF TO SERGEANT SPOOK!

HELP! MY MONEY!

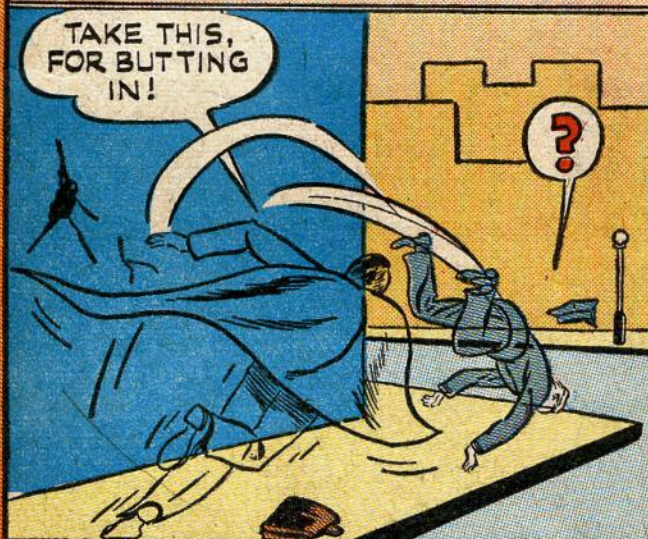
THE GHOST CROOK!







THE "SPIRIT CRIMINAL" FLINGS SERGEANT SPOOK OVER HIS SHOULDER!



THE INVISIBLE CRIMINAL TEARS AWAY FROM THE GHOST COP...





THERE...I CAN'T GO ABOUT FRIGHTENING THESE POOR MORTALS! THAT SHOE HAS GIVEN ME AN IMPORTANT CLUE...NOW I'LL HAVE TO DO A LITTLE 'SLEUTHING', AS DR. SHERLOCK SAYS!



LATER THAT NIGHT, THE SERGEANT IS STILL ON DUTY. HE STOPS BY A LARGE THEATRE AS MANY CELEBRITIES ENTER... THERE MUST BE QUITE AN ATTRACTION THERE...



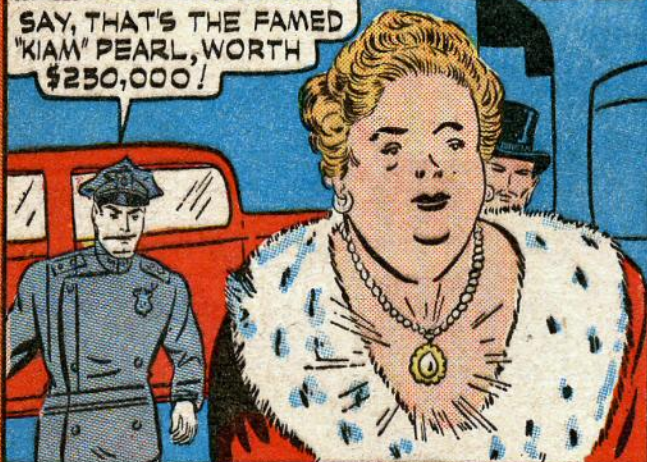
HMM-SUEZ! SUPER SPIRITUALIST, AND MAGICIAN!

HIT THEATRE  
*introduces to*  
**AMERICA**  
**SUEZ**  
MASTER MAGICIAN  
and  
SUPER SPIRITUALIST  
*from the*  
MYSTERY SHROUDED  
LAND OF INDIA!

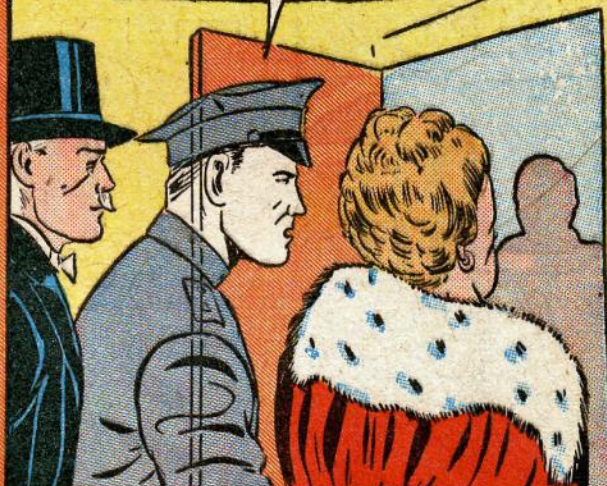


TURNING AWAY FROM THE FLASHY POSTER, SERGEANT SPOOK NOTICES MRS. LYDIA GOTTROX WITH A GLITTERING PEARL DANGLING FROM HER NECK.

SAY, THAT'S THE FAMED "KIAM" PEARL, WORTH \$250,000!



MRS. GOTTROX CERTAINLY WON'T MIND AN UNSEEN BODYGUARD! THAT PILL IS TEMPTING!



LATER...

SUEZ HAS JUST FINISHED HIS FEATS OF MAGIC AND MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT...

...AND NOW, MY DEAR AUDIENCE, I WILL ATTEMPT TO CONTACT THE SPIRIT WORLD!



HIS FLOWERY WORDS AND COMMANDING EYES FORCE THE AUDIENCE INTO A SEMI-TRANCE...

WHY! HE'S HYPNOTIZED THE ENTIRE AUDIENCE!





*Suddenly*, THROUGH THE SILENCE,  
PENETRATES A SOUL-CHILLING SCREAM!



HMM! THIS ISN'T  
PART OF THE  
PERFORMANCE!



LUNGING OUT, SERGEANT SPOOK GRAPPLES  
WITH THE INVISIBLE ASSAILANT.



THE VAGUE FORM SPOOK HOLDS, MATERIALIZES.



I'LL TAKE THE HOKUS POKUS  
OUT OF YOU!



SUDDENLY... SUEZ' BODY SEEMS TO  
DISSOLVE INTO DUST!





